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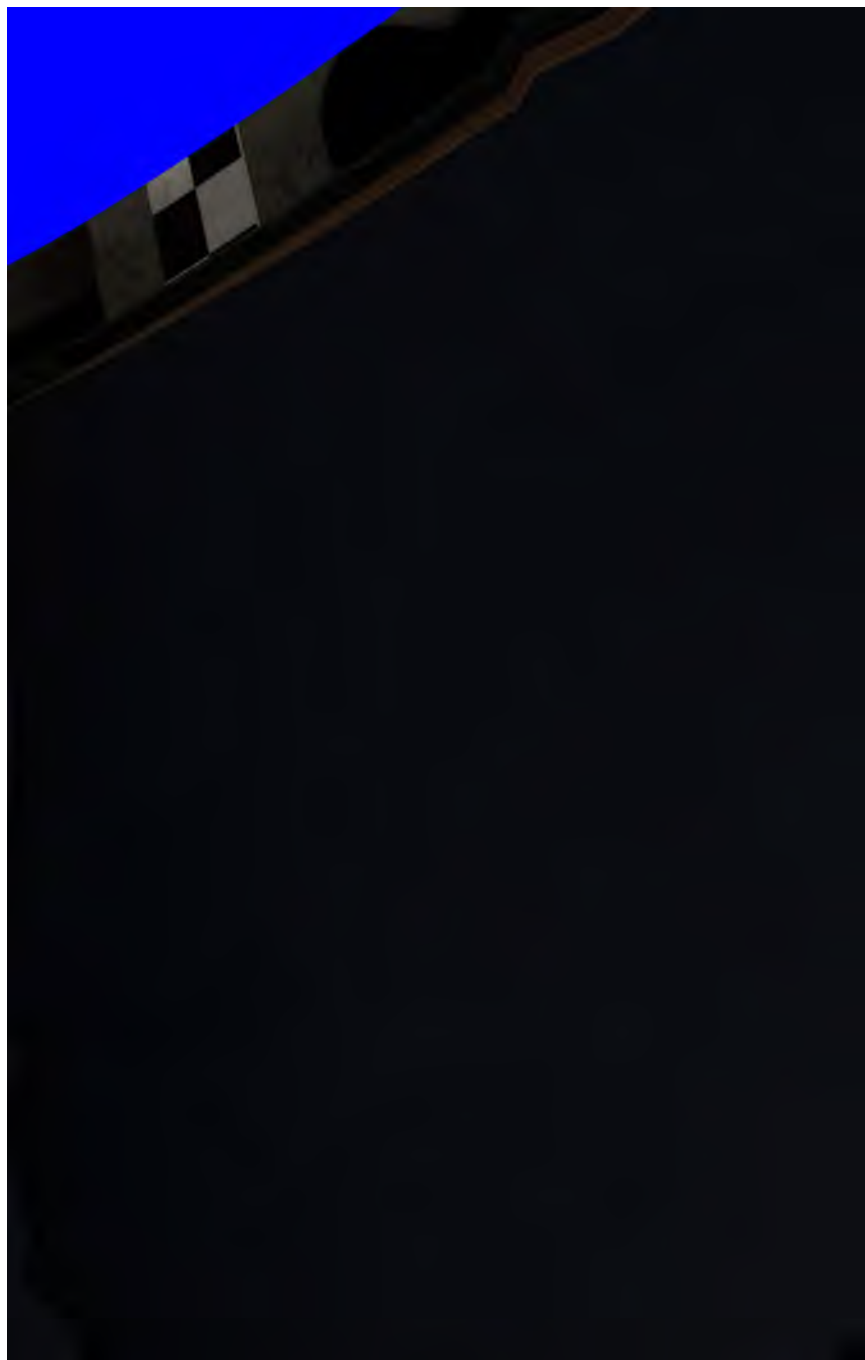
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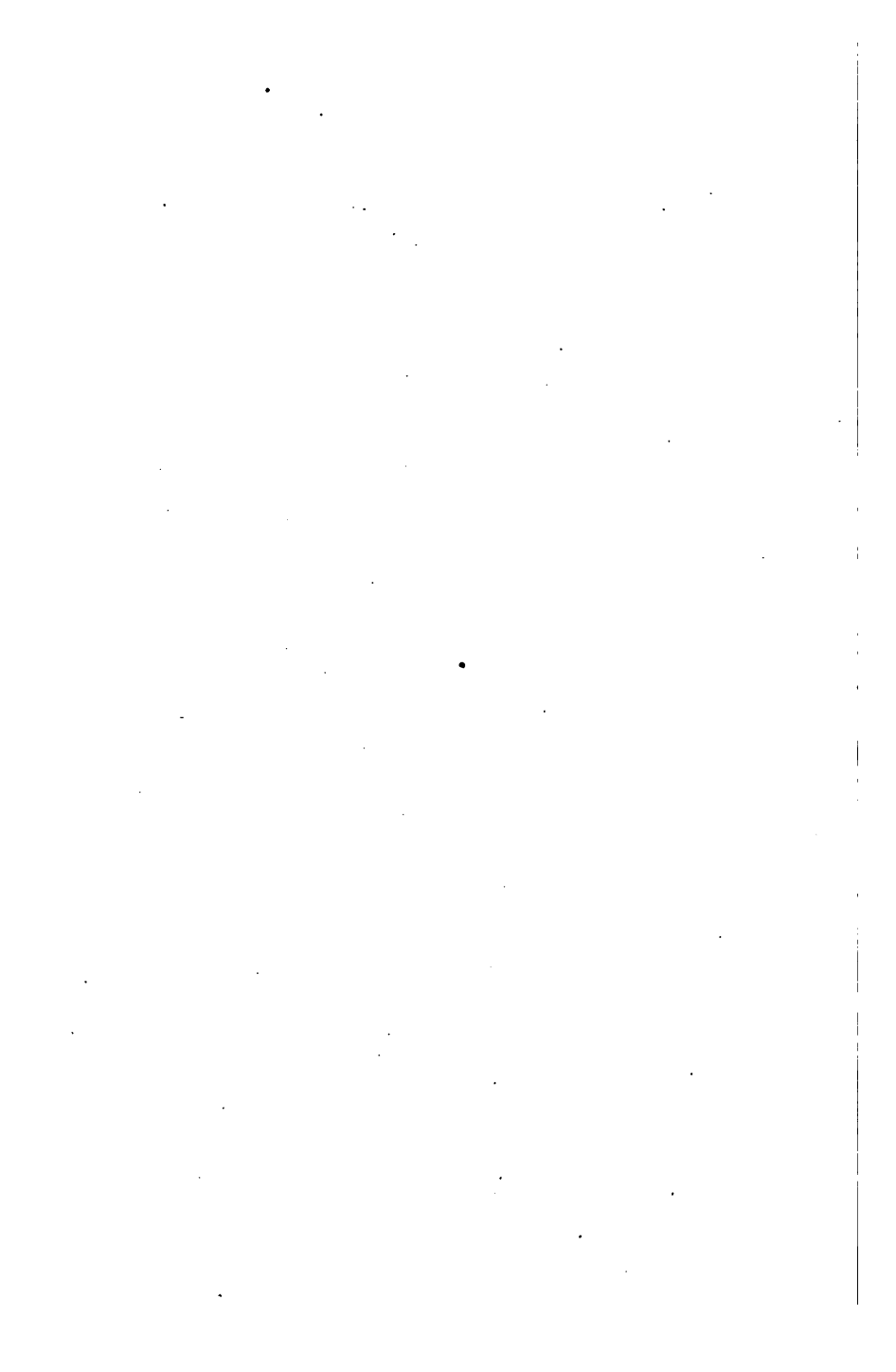
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THE SCULPTOR'S DREAM.

THE
STORY OF COUNT ULASKI:

AURELIA ; OR, THE GIFTED :

And other Poems.



BY

ETA MAWR,

AUTHOR OF "FAR AND NEAR," ETC.

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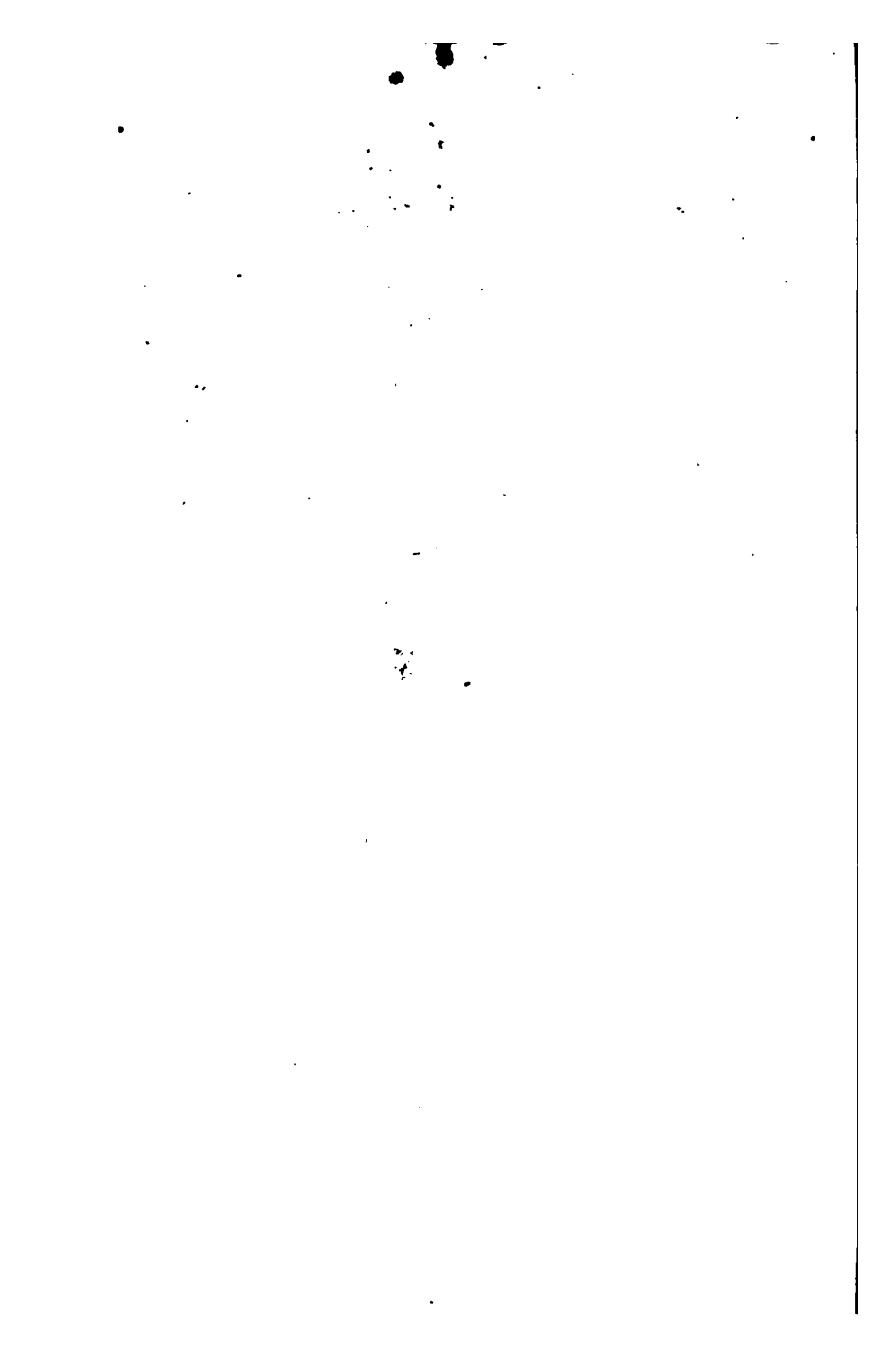
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THE STORY OF COUNT ULASKI
AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

A Tale of the First Polish Revolution.

“Upon his youthful mien
A mild but sad intelligence was seen.
Courage was on his open brow—but care
Seemed with a lingering shade to wander there;
And though his eye shone as the eagle’s bright,
It beamed with humid melancholy light.”



THE
STORY OF COUNT ULASKI.

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

Partout des malheureux, des proscrits, des victimes,
Luttant contre le sort, ou contre les bourreaux,
On dirait que le ciel aux cœurs plus magnanimes
Mésure plus de maux !

LAMARTINE.

SLEEP o'er the world his shadowy mantle throws,
E'en troubled Ocean bows to his behest ;
But to the wretched there is no repose—
The waves of passion will not, cannot rest !

And who, oh sad Sarmatia! hapless land ;
Who that has owed his ill-starred birth to thee,
The tide of torturing passions can withstand—
Of pride, shame, grief, that must his portion be ?

Shame did I say? No! glory gilds thee still,
Unmerited misfortune is not shame;
Thou, like Gaul's monarch, scorning meaner ill,
"All, all is lost, save *honour*," may'st exclaim. ⁽¹⁾

But barren are the bays that thou hast reaped,
And freedom's glorious fruitage gilds them not;
In gall and venom is their verdure steeped,
And blights a brow dishonour could not blot.

Blest who in victory's arms resigns his breath!
But thou must suffer the unequalled pain
To feel thou diest in thy children's death,—
That whoso bleeds for thee must bleed in vain.

They feel it now. Alas! brave souls ye feel
The leaden hand of hopelessness descend;
For you, lone exiles, Pity hath no zeal,—
Your land no home, the universe no friend.

And Poland sorrowing sits by Freedom's tomb—
O'er the sad urn that holds her ashes spread;
And deeper shades are gathering o'er her gloom,
And death-cold dews descending on her head.

Soiled in the dust her shining tresses lie,
The blood-stained laurel binds no more their bands;
All rayless as her doom her drooping eye,
The tear is on her cheek, the gyves are on her hands.

Parent of children who have bled for thee
Till thy crushed earth gives forth again their gore;⁽²⁾
When shall they hail thee once again *the free* ?
When shall thine age of servitude be o'er ?

Canst thou not rise and cast away thy chain ?
Ah no ! Too sternly struggling in its thrall,
Already hast thou gnawed thy bonds in vain—
Back on thy bleeding limbs their harsh links fall.

Sons of a sorrowing land ! in vain on ye
The quenchless thirst for freedom is bestowed.
That very thirst, unconquered though it be,
But adds a heavier burden to your load.

And thou ! the iron entereth thy soul,
And Hope no more can gild it to thine eye :
The sad conviction powerless to control—
Not death can give thee that for *which* they die.

For thee no subject-seas flow proudly round,
No cloud-capp'd mountains court eternal snows,
To gird and guard thy consecrated ground
And frown a stern defiance to thy foes.

But all exposed, thy rich and level plains,
To woo the greedy gaze of envious eyes ;
And *soul* alone the unequal strife maintains—
That one sole bulwark which thy soil supplies.

Vainly ye struggle, brave ill-fated race !

Vainly may patriot zeal your bosom warm ;
Hemmed in by mightier powers in " pride of place,"
Not soul itself can battle with the storm.

Genius can wield the powers which Nature gives ;

Yea ! wield them, even *herself* to subjugate.
But who can strive *against* her ? who that lives
Can war with Nature ? 'Tis to war with Fate !

What then remains ? to kneel and kiss the rod ?

Spirit of freedom, spurn the unworthy thought.
But wherefore cling ye to the unconscious sod
To which your birthright is too dearly bought ?

Sons of a sorrowing land, attend her call !

Her spirit guides you ; go where glory leads.
Well did she teach you once to fight and fall ;
No more she asks your death, your life she needs.

Rise, Genius of my native plains, arise !

And guide thy children to a happier sphere.
Are there not brighter scenes, and kinder skies,
And plains as fair—though none, ah none, so dear ?

Go forth to other climes, a patriot band ;

'Tis *mind*, not *matter*, gives a land its worth ;
Where Freedom dwells, deem *that* your Fatherland,
And scorn the shackled plains that gave ye birth.

Leave to the tyrant your deserted halls—
Your empty huts relinquish to his hand ;
Go forth where freedom and where glory calls,
And plant your banner in a far-off land.

There rear another Warsaw in the wild,
There be your long, long sufferings forgot.
If *freedom* on the desert have but smiled,
Ye cannot go where *happiness* is not !

For me—with blasted hopes and blighted youth,
I go to guide the small devoted band,
The wrecks of valour, constancy, and truth,
That look for succour to my leading hand.

I will not cast away in worthless strife
For other lands, the life that saved not mine ;
Oh Poland, loved and lost ! thou gav'st me life,
And lost or saved, that life be *only* thine.

Fain would I point where peace and freedom meet,
And thou may'st reign unenvied and alone ;
Fain would I win thee from thine ancient seat,
For ever tottering, and too oft o'erthrown.

But if even yet, for liberty and laws,
Thy quenchless spirit *there* revive again,
Call—call me back, to re-assert thy cause ;
Well pleased to bleed for thee—albeit to bleed in vain !

What can a son of thine relate
Who sought thy weal, to share thy fate ?
All blighted in his bloom of life,
The sad survivor of the strife ;
Who vainly struck for hearth and home,
Driven forth through distant lands to roam ;
And bear, where'er his steps depart,
The anguish of an aching heart.
The wretch who feels no patriot fire
Unharm'd may from the strife retire,
And hoard a base domestic bliss
That stoops the tyrant's rod to kiss ;
But he who feels that word of flame,
His " Country ! " thrill through all his frame,
Can know no hope, no joy can feel,
But mingles with her woe or weal ;
His deepest wound from hers derives
An anguish that all else survives ;
And tenfold heavier doth it fall
When with his country dies his *all* !

My father, from our fated land,
Led forth, in youth, a patriot band ;
On friendship's false and vain pretence,
Lured by the Gallic despot thence ;
Who spoke of all the wrongs received,
To be avenged, to be retrieved,
And told of rights to be restored
When other lands should own him lord.
Now, now the wished-for hour was come
When they should strike their tyrants home ;

When Europe bowed the shackled knee,
Her bondage would their freedom be.
They hearkened to the glozings fair
Deceit had whispered to despair;
By hope inspired, by vengeance fired,
Too soon believed what they desired,
And dreamed, by false and foreign brand,
To win their liberated land.

Vain hope, that Conquest's crimson blade
Will e'er be drawn for freedom's aid;
That weaving chains for other lands
Can shake the shackles from our hands.

Alas! can grapes on thistles grow,
Or freedom's fruit on slavery's bough?
Who plants in violence and wrong,
To him shall freedom's fruits belong?
Howe'er the means may be disguised,
He ne'er shall win the boon he prized.

Yet erred my sire, but with the rest,
For honour was his bosom guest,
And every gentle virtue there
Throve even through war's polluted air;
And well, had peaceful times been given,
Had made his home an earthly heaven.
But fallen on evil days—his wreath
Nor fame nor freedom could bequeath;
Though bright, it bore the worst of flaws—
'Twas gathered in a tyrant's cause.
At length upon th' embattled field
He perished—he who could not yield!

O'erwhelmed beneath a host of slain,
He sunk upon the gory plain.
Deserted there by pride and power
Love hovered o'er his parting hour,
And shed its own celestial light
Upon his dim and dying sight.
Yes! love could take an angel's form,
Undaunted by the battle storm,
And rush through war's receding tide
To save or perish by his side;
To watch and soothe the wavering strife
Of fading hope and fainting life.
Not unrewarded in the gaze
Of answering love and speechless praise;
Though mingled with the bitter pain
To feel its fondest hopes were vain.
He pointed with expiring hand
Feebly to Poland's far-off land;
To *me* he pointed, and he smiled—
“Live, best belov'd one, for our child!”
She started from her sorrow's trance,
She cast to heaven her prayer-fraught glance—
“Oh, give me strength to do Thy will—
My God, I am a mother still!”

My Mother! at that worshipped name
How kindles all my glowing frame!
Oh, thou to whom all—all—I owe,
My hopes above, my bliss below;
Take from my lyre, to thee a spell—
The praise, oh ne'er employed so well;

Take for the thousandth, thousandth time
The rapture of the glowing rhyme !
I thank thee not for life—at best
A bitter boon—a bliss unblest ;
But I *do* thank thee for the love
That made that life delightful prove ;
Or if that term appear too high
For aught of bliss beneath the sky,
For the fond, kind, preventive care
That made its burden light to bear.
Oh thou ! who to my infant eyes
Appeared an angel from the skies
(And less than angel scarce might be
In sooth a paragon for thee) ;
So idolised that even now,
When manhood darkens o'er my brow,
All other forms appear but fair
To thine as they resemblance bear.
That form of love and beauty blent
That first above my cradle bent ;
That first within its circling arms
My childhood saved from childish harms,
And taught me heavier ills to shun
When youth's rash course 'twas mine to run.
Oh ! fondly mine would seek that eye,
Which seemed a sunbeam from the sky,
And fondly it returned the gaze
Of filial love with answering rays.
And when that eye in after years
Shone sadly through a mist of tears,
'Twas still to me the guiding ray
That chased my own young griefs away ;

And still my fondest vow would be
She ne'er should shed a tear for me ;
Or shed them but for pride and joy
While gazing on her orphan boy !
The hour she sought in maddening haste
That scene of war's devouring waste,
She snatched me from my nurse's arms,
Nor listened to her wild alarms.
" My son ! " was her maternal cry,
" Thy sire shall bless thee ere he die ! "
And when from that wild prayer she rose,
Sent up with his expiring throes,
She clasped me with convulsive start,
As if to bind me to her heart,
And bid me there for ever grow
To still the throbbings of its woe.
" My child ! I am not *all* bereft,
All is not gone while thou art left ;
That last behest fulfilled shall be—
Yes ! I *will* live—for thee—for thee ! "

The vow her widowed heart had made
No change of purpose e'er betrayed ;
And youth and beauty vainly strove
To lure her to a second love.

I was indeed her all—on me
The fulness of her heart was poured ;
Whate'er its depth of love might be,
For me that love was stored.

Nor heart alone—the loftiest mind,
The purest and the best,
That e'er a woman's form enshrined
Or beaming brow expressed—
For me unlocked its fair array,
For me grew brighter day by day.
If aught of virtue e'er possessed
The empire of my throbbing breast,
Or beamed around my early dawn,
From her example it was drawn ;
If aught of wisdom I discerned,
From her melodious lips 'twas learned.
Pure as the cloudless skies above,
Yet soft and warm as earthly love,
Her spirit knew but one excess,
And *that*—maternal tenderness !
Yet not th' indulgence false and vain
That folly oft bestows,
Which, from mere weakness of the brain,
Not from affection flows.
Too steadily she gazed on Truth,
To suffer *me* to stray,
E'en in the dawning of my youth,
From *her* bright onward way.
Too deeply did she love my soul
To foster error there,
Or slack the firm yet soft control
I deemed it bliss to bear.
For *so* she taught me that to learn
Could more than sport beguile ;
So taught me that the truths most stern
Took from her lips a smile.

Oft from my comrades would I flee
(Her love had higher charms for me),
And drink from her dear lips and eyes
The looks and language of the skies ;
The wisdom that from thence descends,
The love true wisdom ever blends
With all she teaches, knowing still
Who *love* her laws alone *fulfil*,
And love alone can love instil.
Enough for her—her high reward—
To watch my passionate regard ;
To see me drink with eager look
The eloquence my soul that shook,
As she would tell, with lofty aim,
Of deeds that set my soul on flame,
Of generous pity, high emprise,
Of freedom towering to the skies,
Or struggling 'gainst a tyrant's will,
Still baffled, yet triumphant still.
“ And thou ”—she spoke in solemn tone—
“ In freedom's sacred cause alone,
 To draw the sword be thine ;
But drawn in *her* thrice-hallowed cause,
For *that* is country—kindred—laws,
 With life alone resign ! ” (3)

Yet taught she not on self to trust
The child of frailty and of dust,
But there to place my steadfast hope
Where faith and trust have amplest scope ;
And, conscious that this passing scene
Hath nought of stable and serene,

For higher aid than earth supplies
To ask assistance from the skies.

Though peace her gentle bosom prized,
And war she hated and despised,
Yet well she knew its guiding star
Too oft must be the price of war ;
For this my youth was trained to arms,
Though raged not then dark war's alarms ;
For well she knew that Freedom's voice
Allowed her votaries little choice ;
And who the glorious prize would clasp
Must wrench it from the usurper's grasp.

" It may be," with a sigh, she'd say,
" That in the dawning of thy day
Thy country's voice may call on thee
To aid her shackled sons to free ;
And heaven forbid that child of *thine*
(Oh lost and loved one !) should decline,
Through fault or negligence of her
Who most his filial soul should stir,
To spring responsive to her cry,
Like thee, to conquer or to die.
Yet, hapless Poland ! such thy doom
Thy very victories dig thy tomb ;
And dearly bought the boon must be
That wins back liberty for thee.
My son ! tho' in thy country's aid
'Twere dear to draw thy stainless blade,

Oh ! be not thou the first to throw
The firebrand that may work her woe ;
Wait till 'tis lit by other hands,
Then join those patriotic bands.
When full the measure of her woe,
And e'en to heaven ascends her cry,
Then strike the energetic blow
Which mercy's self might justify ! ”

But time wore on, and youth's fierce choice
No more could list to caution's voice.
I saw my country, day by day,
The tyrant's thrall—the stranger's prey ;
I longed to be the first to throw
The gauntlet for that land of woe ;
My dreams were now of wrath and wrong,
Of fetters loathed, yet borne too long ;
My father's spirit hovered near
And whispered in my kindling ear,
“ Why sleeps my son inglorious here ?
It was not thus in ardent youth
Thy father proved his patriot truth ;
Arise ! and take the spear and shield,
Like him, to die, but not to yield ! ”

There was a vast and time-worn tree
That stooped above a stream,
Where oft in childhood I would flee,
Vague reveries to dream.
Beneath its spreading arms I lay,
And mused the sultry hours away—

Delicious hours ! on youth alone
In its first bloom bestowed,
When future ills unfear'd, unknown,
Hope gilds the coming road ;
And present cares, if such there be,
Unfelt, on fancy's light wing flee,
Before the gay and glad *to be !*

Sweet mists of morning's early ray,
Fast, fast ye fade, before the day !
As life's meridian sun mounts high,
Before his burning car ye fly.
Yea ! scarce his matin beams have shone
Ere all your golden tints are gone.

Ah ! grav'd, though long, long fled for me,
On memory's fondest page shall be
Those early dreams—that stream—that tree !

And now, though other dreams were mine,
I sought again the accustomed shrine ;
And sadly bending o'er the wave,
“ Shall I, like thee,” said I, “ supine,
In idle murmurs chafe and rave,
When vengeance might be mine ?
No ! when by wintry torrents fed,
Thou rushest through a roaring bed,
And spreading transient ruin round,
From ruin yet canst fling
A greener verdure on the ground,
Fresh glory o'er the Spring,

Be *then* my emblem—such let me,
Such ‘ruin’ to my country be.”

As gazing on the gushing stream,
My soul pursued its waking dream;
Oblivion of each gloomy thought
Its murmuring sameness softly brought,
And lulled the saddening sense of pain
That fevered in my throbbing brain.
But while my eyes in slumber close
Unreal scenes before them rose.

The Genius of my native land
Before me seemed in sleep to stand;
A laurel in her hand she bore—
A laurel! yet ’twas steeped in gore—
And fetters on that hand she wore.
“Who shall unclasp them?”—thus she spoke—
“While sleeps Ulaski’s son?
Arise! and burst the inglorious yoke;
By thee the meed be won!”
I snatched the laurel from her hand,
And slumber’s dark dominion broke;
But near me still she seemed to stand,
And still methought she spoke.
I started from my shadowy trance,
And met as sweet, as sad a glance.
“Yes! Poland takes my mother’s form—
A fairer could she take?
To arm me for the coming storm
That soon her bonds shall break!”

“ Oh ! my young patriot ! ev’n whose sleep
Haunt dreams of glory, dark and deep,
She speaks indeed ! she speaks in her
Who now no more would hopes defer,
That burning fierce through all thy frame
With kindled and with quenchless flame,
‘ The hour is come ! ’ might well proclaim.
Think not, belov’d, if blood of thine,
This instant shed at Freedom’s shrine,
Could win her to thy country back,
This heart were slow, this hand were slack,
To yield thee to the death, my son,
Nor deem the prize too dearly won.
I would but feel that not in vain
My son was numbered with the slain ;
I would but feel—with transport feel—
A parent’s woe was Poland’s weal ;
For I have marked thy musing eye,
Thy flushing cheek and frequent sigh,
And all too well the cause have guessed
That saddened in my soldier’s breast ;
This, though her confidence unsought,
Thy mother to thy bower hath brought ;
Then hear her warning voice again,
And ere thou give revenge the rein,
Or raise an arm, as yet too weak,
Our kinsman brave Doriski, seek.
Far o’er Podolia’s fertile plains,
In almost regal pomp he reigns ;
And to his gay and martial court
All Poland’s patriot youth resort.

He burns like them—he burns like thee—
To set that much-loved Poland free;
And under splendour's specious mask,
He trains those heroes to their task.
There may thine active spirit find
Employment suited to thy mind;
Or rest in peace, till time shall bring
The wished-for moment on its wing;
For not enough to strike the blow,
The proper moment thou must know:
With him consult: a cooler age
Can best the war of freedom wage;
Revenge but beats the empty air—
Discretion reaps the harvest there.”

“ Enough ! ” impatiently I cried ;
“ Oh let me hasten to his side ;
And bring a heart, and bring a hand,
Not all unmeet to swell his band.
I thank thee for the generous love
That bids me thus my lineage prove ;
Save for *thy* sake, now doubly dear,
It seems a crime to linger here.
Oh ! grant me, Heaven, when next we meet,
To lay my laurels at thy feet.
My mother ! why that struggling sigh ?
If adverse fate the boon deny,
If numbered with the unconscious slain,
Still shall one thought thy tears restrain—
Thy loss was freedom's glorious gain !

For me—to die in such a cause
Is worth a life of long applause ;
If victim of an early doom,
Inscribe this praise upon my tomb ;
Ulaski's son need ask no higher—
' The son was worthy of the sire ! ' "

I sought Doriski's splendid hall,
And found a son's reception there ;
His gorgeous train seemed formed of all
That fancy paints of brave and fair.

High-minded, chivalrous, and brave,
The crowning grace his presence gave,
And shed the softening charm of home
Upon that else too stately dome.
It was a vast and splendid pile
Of other days, and antique style ;
Received with pride, bequeathed with care,
From age to age, from heir to heir ;
And each had added to the grace
That marked that old and stately place ;
And each enlarged to wider bounds
Its fertile and far-spreading grounds.
The Niester rolled its rapid stream,
The bound'ry of its South extreme,
Full many a fair and fertile plain
Stretch'd northward to the wild Ukraine.
Far to the west Carpathian snows
Grandly the gorgeous prospect close,

And all that filled the nearer view
Was fair of form and bright of hue.
Gardens that glowed as Eden fair
Outspread their rich luxuriance there,
And though the elaborate hand of art
Too far from nature might depart,
She gained perchance a statelier charm
That well might purer taste disarm ;
For there did polished grace resort,
And fancy keep her flowery court,
And every taste might find a charm
Its separate votary to warm.
There, science, friendship, love, might rove
Through winding vale or verdant grove ;
There, temples, labyrinths, and bowers,
Lure pomp from his luxurious towers.
There too might silence build a cell
For hermit solitude to dwell,
Or studious Ease delighted stray
And dream uncounted hours away.
Of gardens such as these, of old,
Th' Italian bard enraptured told,
What time th' enchantress he portrayed
That thither warrior-guests betrayed,
Then left them her false love to rue—
And these—but she was pure and true—
And these had their Armida too !

.

In many a young poetic dream
Bright visions oft would round me gleam

Of creatures scarce of earthly mould,
Whom soberer hours would sigh to think
In vain I languished to behold,
In vain with mine their fate to link.

The forms my fancy would pourtray
I sighed to think were not of clay ;
I sighed to think that not of earth
The dreams that in my brain had birth ;
That nature—homely nature—knew
No forms like those my fancy drew.

I saw Elbertha—and I felt
Those visions fade away,
As morning's silvery vapours melt
Before the noontide ray ;
For all that fancy's dreams could paint
To that reality seemed faint.
I saw her—all seemed now revealed,
I saw her—and my fate was sealed !

There be who say that love must grow
By calm gradations sure and slow,
With whom an axiom long hath passed
That quick impressions cannot last,
And love that springs at once to birth
Is theme but for contemptuous mirth.
But is it thus, all potent love,
Thy sway thy *real* votaries prove ?
The cold of heart, the dull of soul,
Who own but custom's tame control,

May coolly wait till time shall bind
Thy empire o'er the sluggish mind ;
The warm of heart, the quick of thought,
At once beneath thy sway are brought,
At once can feel—at once can tell—
The working of thy powerful spell.
It is not beauty—forms as fair
May pass—nor cause a moment's care ;
The eye admires—the untouched heart
Takes in its pleasure little part ;
It is the hidden *moral* charm
That thus the kindling soul can warm,
That tells at once *that* heart alone
Can beat responsive to our own ;
Alone that in that single mind
Its counterpart our own can find.
In *friendship* even, oft we feel
This sudden impulse o'er us steal,
And reading in the face the soul
Have bowed for aye to her control ;
And if this sympathy we prove
In friendship, how much more in love !
'Tis true that here were all combined,
The charm of feature as of mind ;
But still methinks a soul so rare
I yet had loved in form less fair ;
I yet had bowed before a shrine
Whence spake a spirit so divine.

To tell of locks of auburn hue,
Of hazel eye or heavenly blue,

Of ruby lips and roseate cheek—
'Twere vain to tell—such words are weak.
The richest tint that ever rose
To mortal lip, the gem outglows;
The polished form, the feature fair,
The marble's lifeless mass may share;
The rose, the violet, still outvie
The brightest cheek, the bluest eye;
And every hue of Beauty's flower
Is yet excelled in Flora's bower.
Then tell of hues and forms alone
Unshared by gem, or flower, or stone,
And tell but of the varying charm
That never yet could canvas warm.
Tell of the glance that eye beamed forth,
So bright with wit, so fraught with worth;
Tell of the radiant smile that played
Round lips whence *truth* had never strayed.
Let us in living *numbers* find
The hues of *heart*, the shades of *mind*;
'Tis thine, O Poesy! to speak,
Where other arts are dumb or weak.
To these the outward form resign,
For thee, to paint the *soul* be thine!
All charms of nature and of grace
In *her* fair soul had found a place;
And each pure feeling claimed a part
Within her young and glowing heart;
Her form was meet for such a mind—
'Twas virtue visibly enshrined! *

* If Virtue could appear in a visible form, all men would be enamoured of her.—PLATO.

But still to me the crowning grace
Was in that form, that mind, to trace
Resemblance to that worshipped one
Who ne'er till now a rival knew,
In aught that met my wandering view ;
And on my heart's adoring throne
Had reigned unrivalled and alone.
Oft had I seen the young, the fair,
But ne'er had traced my mother there.
That lofty soul, that stedfast mind,
Where every virtue sat enshrined ;
Yet softened by the gentlest heart
That e'er could pity's self impart.
Mere beauty ev'n the sight will cloy—
The spirit scorns the paltry toy ;
When beauty beams from soul divine,
Of inward charm the outward sign,
The soul bows down before its shrine.

The image that my dreams had formed,
With all my parent's virtues warmed,
The model that from her I drew
At length had risen upon my view ;
More sweetly soft, more freshly bright,
It rose revealed upon my sight.
And, as like one entranced I gazed,
I neither spoke, nor smiled, nor praised ;
But felt, whate'er my fate might be,
The world contained but *one* for me !

PART II.

Love! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife—
 'Tis all the colour of remaining life;
 And human sufferings must begin or end,
 As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.—PRIOR.

Oh love! omnipotent for good or ill—
 Why—why—doth adverse fate pursue thee still?
 Thou who canst urge the soul to high emprise,
 Or in thyself give all that fate denies.
 Ah! were thy reign as lasting as 'tis sweet
 Thou for a fallen world wert all unmeet;
 And man, the mourner, in thy smile elate,
 Might bid defiance to the frowns of fate;
 O'er his lost Paradise no more might grieve,
 Whose brightest boon in thee he might retrieve;
 Nor dream of higher joys hereafter given—
 Life then were bliss enough, and earth were heaven!
 But oh, ye heedless hearts, the boon beware!
 The cup of bliss is poisoned by despair;
 And fate and fortune—foes to love and truth,
 Blight the bright morning dreams of hope and youth.

And was it mine, that cup to drain?
 Its draughts of bliss—its dregs of pain?

And did I love ? and did I dare
To dream that aught so bright, so fair,
Would stoop my fallen fate to share ?
I dreamed not—asked not—wished not, aught ;
Beyond the present, all was nought ;
Nor did one chilling cloud appear
To cast a shade of doubt or fear.
Love asks not leave of cold Respect,
He hears tame Prudence preach, unchecked ;
Though comes too soon a time to mourn
In agony, that fatal scorn.
But all, as yet, was peace with me,
Nor dreamed I of the dread *to be* ;
I lived but in the present hour,
Nor saw the gloomy future lower.
To gaze upon her heavenly eye
I felt was heaven—I asked not why ;
To listen to her warbling strain
Was pleasure almost stretched to pain.
Chained by that look, that tone, that voice,
My love was destiny, not choice ;
How could I shake the chain away
Whose links grew stronger day by day ?
Since day by day fresh charms revealed
That faster still my fetters sealed ?
The tree had gained unconscious growth
Ere yet we deemed the seed was sown ;
And round the mutual hearts of both
Its clasping tendrils now were thrown.
Who shall unbind them ? fate nor crime,
Nor change of place, nor lapse of time,

Have yet prevailed—e'en death shall find
Ere changed the heart, extinct the mind !

And where was now my thirst of fame ?
All, all, absorbed in softer flame !
I felt that should my country call
I yet could burst my blissful thrall,
That even love's delightful chain
No more would then my soul restrain.
And wherefore ? *She* would be the first
By whom that patriot zeal were nursed ;
True love is but a bond that draws
To all that wins the world's applause—
To all that best deserves to claim
The wreath of high and holy fame.

But yet I thirsted now no more
For all that urged my soul before.
Beneath the brightness of her eye
All darker passions seemed to die ;
Beneath the music of her tongue
The black drops from my heart were wrung ;
And love's and pity's gushing flood
Quenched the dark thirst for foeman's blood.

Bright creature ! 'mid those blissful bowers
All Eden's early joys seemed ours ;
And half renewed, for Eve as fair,
The bliss that heralded despair.
Ah ! quenched like hers by sword of flame
Too soon the avenging Angel came ;

And even now I dared not look
Onward through time—nor turn the leaf
Of destiny's scarce sealed book
To mark that bliss how brief !

To watch in the enkindling eye
The dawning of the dear reply ;
To hang upon the honeyed tone
That only such soft heart could own ;
To dwell on sentiments enshrined
Alone in such exalted mind ;
To dream *that* mind with all its pow'rs,
That heart's best feelings might be ours—
Oh ! who would wake from such a dream,
Oh ! who would quench so bright a beam !
Or let one earthly thought intrude
Where heaven itself the scene imbued ?
For sings not Poesy in sooth—
Yea ! Virtue's voice attests her truth—
That heaven itself in *such* a love
Sheds down its glories from above ?
Oh ! hours of bliss, too bright to last,
Yours is the fatal doom
A shade o'er all the rest to cast—
Your glory is their gloom !

Doriski marked the deepening spell
That linked me to his child ;
Unconscious we who loved so well
How such discovery befel,
Or if he frowned or smiled.

But came alas ! too quickly came,
Revelment of the hidden flame.
“ I joy,” said he, “ such charms you find

 In these ignoble scenes of peace—
Scenes whence I feared a daring soul,
Unused its ardour to control,

 Ere this had sought release.

Your mother bade me check the zeal
For Poland's failing cause you feel ;
I joy to see so well obeyed

 Her wise and calm behest,
And all the martial fervour laid
 To sleep within thy breast.

I joy to see a lady's bower
Hath charms to cheat the sultry hour,
 To soothe thy soul hath charms ;
A lady's lute—a lady's song—
O ! sweeter tones to these belong
Than wait the trumpet's stirring sound,
Than wait the cannon's dire rebound,
 And all the din of arms.”

I felt a thousand feelings rush
From heart to brow in burning flush ;
Then blushed I yet more deep to think
From such avowal I should shrink.
Why should I tremble to reveal
The passion 'twas my pride to feel ;
Who in *that* love a crime could see
Where *not* to love the guilt would be ?
Who, when perfection they behold,
Would wish to keep a heart that's cold ?

That heart must be allied to sin
Which virtue's self can fail to win.
In that high thought I found reply,
And fixed on *his* my flashing eye.

“Doriski! thou hast spoken well—
Now hear the truth my lips would tell;
I love thy daughter—'tis my pride
To own my love—and if denied
The precious hope that o'er me steals
That answering love her bosom feels,
From *her* lips only, shall I fear
The doom I dread yet seek to hear.
If in such hope I soar too high
I yet have one resource—to die!
If ere this blissful dream was mine
That life I panted to resign
For Poland's weal—though many a charm
Earth holds when youth and hope are warm,
Well might my anguish loathe to live
When all were gone that life could give!”

Doriski smiled:—“So dire a doom
As love's or even glory's tomb,
Methinks a maiden mild as she
Would scarce assign to youth like thee.
Hear me, Ulaski; not unmoved,
(For I, too, in my youth have loved)
Have I beheld the generous flame
That kindled at Elbertha's name,
And fain would weave a fate for thee

Which destiny denied to me.
I loved thy mother—who, ah ! who
Could e'er behold nor love her too ?
Together in life's early day
Through scenes like these 'twas ours to stray,
And thoughts like thine, as warm, as true,
Wove a bright future to my view.
To *me* it came not—*her* young heart
In those warm wishes took no part ;
A sister's love alone possesseth
The empire of her gentle breast.

I had a friend—(alas ! what foe
E'er worked an enemy worse woe ?)
Endowed with every feeling high,
Each spell that genius can supply,
Yet such humility of soul
Those lofty talents to control,
The theme of all—by him alone
They seemed unvalued, or unknown.
Fortune, on his else favoured head,
Alone her gifts refused to shed,
And I, in pride of place secure,
Nor framed a rival to endure,
Ne'er dreamed that he would cross my path,
The very thought had roused my wrath !
Yet, blameless though of guile or art
'Twas his to play the rival's part.
In battle he had saved my life,
Still foremost in the martial strife ;
I longed to show the maid I loved

The friend, so true a friend that proved.
In vain security that she
Had given her youthful heart to me.
She met me with as bright a smile
As e'er might erring hope beguile ;
Bright, but yet calm—then turned to him
Doomed henceforth every hope to dim.
'Thou see'st Ulaski by my side—
A friend whose friendship is my pride ;
Thus let me closer draw the band,'
And placed in his, her gentle hand.
She smiled—less warmly—but a blush
Her soft cheek tinged with sudden flush ;
Oh ! what would I have given to see
The smile for him—the blush for me !
Too truly guessed I in its glow
All that I ever feared to know,
And all that time confirmed too soon—
His was that young heart's priceless boon ;
On him bestowed, ere wished or wooed,
The love that I through life pursued !

Oh ! who can paint the young heart's woe,
The anguish of the whelming blow,
When first the sanguine hopes are crushed
That o'er its early visions flushed ;
Hopes nursed and cherished in that heart
Till of itself they seemed a part.

Oh ! many another grief may lower,
For *but* with life, life's sufferings close ;

But he who hath endured that hour
Hath probed the depth of human woes ;
Who unrequited love hath nursed
Hath suffered, and survived—the worst !
“ But time will soften sternest pain,
And time can teach to love again,
Though never as we loved in vain.
Yet dear to me the gentle bride
With whom my after-fate allied,
And sad the hour when fate resumed
The ray that for awhile illumed
The path that darkness brooded o’er
In depth of settled gloom before.

“ I said that none could ever view
Elmina’s charms, nor love them too ;
For purest heart and loftiest mind
In fairest form were there enshrined.
And thus a love scarce less than mine
Ulaski laid upon her shrine,
And his to merit such a prize,
If aught deserved her ’neath the skies.
But earthly bliss is but a bait
To lure the unsparing hand of fate ;
The brighter that its day-beam glows,
The swifter, clouds around it close.

“ When fate once more had left her free,
Her soul concentrated all in thee ;
And when *I* too was left to mourn
O’er tender ties abruptly torn,

And dared to hope *that* earlier chain,
Though severed, might unite again,
She pointed with maternal pride
To thee, then bounding by her side,
And answered—while her eye grew dim—
Ulaski yet survives—in him !

“ From that time forth my lips forbore
To urge her constant feeling more,
And other ties have drawn me far
From my youth’s unforgotten star.

“ Yet oft my lingering thoughts would dwell
On her I loved in youth so well ;
And oft I marvelled if the boy,
Her early hope, her only joy,
Deserved—yea ! though ’twere but in part,
So deep a hold on such a heart.
Judge, then, my joy, in thee to view,
All hope had dreamed or fancy drew ;
To see thee all that wish most wild
 Could most desire to see,
Worthy to be Ulaski’s child,
 Elmina, worthy thee !

“ But we, alas ! are fallen on times
When selfish pleasures seem but crimes,
And conscience checks each budding bliss,
Ay, even as pure, as true, as this !
For asks she not—can ye be blest
While anguish wrings your country’s breast ?

Ah ! first her bitter bonds destroy,
Then give your every thought to joy.
Wait for that hour—the hour when we
Shall perish or again be free.
If free, the heart's dear links again
Shall Freedom twine when snapt her chain ;
If foiled, we'll find her in our graves,
Nor rear another race of slaves ! ”

.

My doom was fixed, my love revealed ;
Our vows her father's sanction sealed ;
And I must tear myself away,
Through distant lands condemned to stray,
Till came the blest redeeming hour,
Foredoomed to shake the tyrant's power,
When I might flash my maiden steel
In Poland's cause, for Poland's weal ;
And, fighting by Doriski's side,
At once win freedom and a bride !

I roved through many a fairy land,
I trod full many a classic strand ;
I joined each gay, each courtly throng
Where pleasure wove her syren song.
In vain did fairest scenes surround,
In vain I roved the world around ;
That world contained but one for me—
That one—each onward step must flee.
In monarch's court or hermit's cell,
Alike 'twas hateful now to dwell ;

Apart from her whose power to bless
Could turn to heav'n a wilderness ;
Apart from whom (such love there be !)
Not heav'n itself were heaven to me.

On fairest scenes my eyes might fall ;
One charm was wanting to them all !
Each lacked the fair presiding queen—
The *Genie* of the magic scene.
And beauty's cheek in vain might glow—
But one Elbertha breathed below !

My soul from that sad mockery
Of seeming bliss from suffering free,
But real languor, pain, and strife,
At length was roused to more than life ;
At length the wished-for summons came
That seemed to set my soul on flame.
Though grieved I for the doubt and dread
A parent's fondness o'er them shed ;
And mourned the dark prophetic fears
That tracked a parent's pen with tears.



THE COUNTESS ULASKI'S LETTER.

"Pride of my heart—its joy, its hope—
Ill can this throbbing bosom cope
With tidings, which, though thine will bound
With rapture to the inspiring sound,

Sink on *my* heart with saddening weight,
As omens of impending fate.
Alas ! I did not think to sigh
When Freedom waved her torch on high ;
I did not think to mourn the day
That shook a despot's hated sway ;
And thou ! thy glowing heart will scorn
The tears that of that grief are born.
But oh ! the bonds we cannot break—
We bind the faster when we shake ;
The giant *might* we cannot foil
Shall, crushing, on ourselves recoil.*
And we may wail, in grief of heart,
The zeal where prudence took no part ;
Whose very love its country's bane
Might firmer fix her galling chain.
And yet the time is come that calls
Her hero sons to Warsaw's walls ;
By injury stung, with hope elate,
They urge her onward to her fate ;
And deem that soon, like bow o'erbent,
The bond of slavery shall be rent.
I swear that could thine arm achieve
Redemption, ay or even reprieve,
For *her*—this mother's heart of mine
Should bleed, rejoicing, on her shrine,
And I would *bid* thee life resign—
Yea ! calmly watch thy glazing eye,
And hear with joy thy parting sigh !

* Too true a prophecy !

But oh ! to think that *vainly* thou
To death that radiant head must bow,
That vainly I must still complain
The costly price is paid in vain—
Peace, peace, this mother's heart of mine !
A sterner mother now is thine.

She calls—and shall I dare to stay
The steps that scorn the dull delay ?
Thy country calls ;—to thee, to me,
That call the funeral cry will be.
The laurel, in her hand becomes
The cypress branch—the tree of tombs ;
But be it so ! with heart and blade
Quick be that fatal call obeyed.

He dies not who for freedom dies,
And *seems* to die in vain ;
To other breasts his spirit flies,
In them it breathes again.

To other hearts his glowing heart
Its inspiration shall impart,
His memory be the root of hope
That danger's direst blast shall cope,
And fling its lofty branches high,
To flourish in a fairer sky !
Come then my son—my hero come !
Thy country calls—shall I be dumb ?
Shall I who taught thy lofty aims
To merge in hers all meaner claims,
Repress them now—when hearts untaught
One generous or unselfish thought
The glorious energy have caught,

Instinctive seek Ulaski's son,
And deem the prize already won ?

Oh ! image of my loved and lost,
That image is itself a host,
That name a watchword in the field,
A pledge that Poland ne'er will yield ;
That sire shall still transmit to son
The battle that shall yet be won.
Oh ! when the form these fond arms nursed
A thousand gushing wounds have pierced,
And with thy glazing eyes shall close
To thee—to me—all future woes,
One thought shall soothe my sinking heart,
'Twas glory's hand that threw the dart ;
Though evil for a while may reign
My hero *has not* died in vain ! "

The colour mounted to my brow,
My spirit breathed more freely now,
The hour had come—the wished-for hour
That bade the storm of freedom lower,
And glancing at that coming storm
With wishes wild, exulting, warm,
I thirsted like the venturous sage,
Who tampered with the tempest's rage,
To lift my daring steel on high
And draw the lightning from the sky.
Yea ! all its burning depths to trace,
Yet coiled within their resting-place,

And drag it from its sulphurous bed
Albeit to blight my blasted head !

(4)

On wings that half outstripped the wind
I left each joyless scene behind ;
I reached my home—again was prest
In transport to a mother's breast ;
Again I clasped Doriski's hand,
And joined his brave impetuous band.

Already had the patriot youth
Struck the first gallant stroke
For freedom, country, justice, truth,
And shook the tyrant's yoke ;
And I was hailed with shouts of joy,
And hopes, defeat could scarce destroy.
Alas ! to all, too well is known
The history of those hopes o'erthrown ;
And sadly doth my soul recall
Our early triumphs' final fall ;
Not mine on those dire themes to dwell ;
Enough my own sad tale to tell ;
But ere the tide of war had turned,
While glowing hopes of conquest burned,
Doriski fell—how blest who fall
While Hope can weave their funeral pall ;
While yet the dark sepulchral porch
Can catch a ray from *her* bright torch !
Oh ! wherefore could I not resign
E'en then this loathèd life of mine ?

I flew to catch his parting sigh,
I flew to close his glazing eye ;
It beamed a smile of joy and pride—
“ Ulaski ! thou hast won thy bride !
Now forward till the fight be done,
My noble boy—my son, my son ! ”

That fight, before the fading ray
Had closed on Warsaw's fatal day,
Beheld me stretched upon the plain
Beneath a mountain of the slain ;
But living still, though dead to life,
“ The sad survivor of the strife ! ”
And when to consciousness I woke,
To curse the feebly given stroke,
I breathed beneath the tyrant's yoke !
And did I deign to breathe one hour
Beneath the oppressor's hated power ?
Alas ! of more than life bereft
Not even the means of death were left ;
Or I had bid my own red blade
Afford my struggling spirit aid,
Let forth the anguish of my soul
And speed it to the wished-for goal,
I recked not if of woe or bliss,
I feared no darker doom than this ;
For in the anguish of such hour
The fiend, Despair, hath fellest power ;
Though now I bless that gracious hand
That snatched from mine th' infuriate brand,

And deigned in mercy to control
The madness of my tortured soul.
But then—that mercy all unfelt—

 Upon my heart and tongue
Almost an impious murmur dwelt,
 So keen the pang that wrung ;
So crushing the unlooked-for blow
That laid each cherished vision low ;
Gave hope—love—freedom, to the wind,
Yet left deserted life behind !



PART III.

The thunder came—that stroke hath blasted both—
 The granite's firmness and the lily's growth !
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
 Its tale—but sunk and withered where it fell.
 And of its cold protector blacken round
 But shivered fragments on the barren ground.

BYRON.

Come ye crushed hopes that tear my tortured soul,
 Come ye roused passions from your ravening lair ;
 No more I battle with your stern control—

No more I strive and struggle with despair !
 Come from the lone dim caverns where ye dwell
 And strive with Madness in his spectral cell ;
 Come ye dark fiends of horror and of hate,
 Come execrate my tyrants and my fate !

Dark cruel joy !—the only joy that's left !

The slave, the captive, hails thee for his own ;
 Of this, this bliss, I will not be bereft—

Hatred ! my heart shall henceforth be thy throne !
 Ah me ! that heart which gushed and glowed with love,
 Such fiendish passion is it doomed to prove ?
 Tyrants ! not mine the fault—ye turned to gall
 The heart that once had pity's touch for all !

I will not heave one groan, or shed one tear

On which your gloating eyes might joy to dwell ;
 Such sighs are music to a tyrant's ear—

Such tears the tribute that delight him well !

Yet there is One that hears the captive's cry—
A present help, a future aid is nigh.
Thou—Thou—art ever by the sufferer's side,
And thou canst crush the tyrant in his pride!

My ravings, at that thought, have turned to prayers—
Prayers that shall win their way, Great Judge, to
Thee!

For Thou canst help when hope itself despairs,
And Thou canst set the tenfold-fettered free!
Vengeance is Thine!—lo! at Thy red right hand
The ministers of wrath obsequious stand;
Waiting the destined hour when at Thy word
On the doomed head shall fall the fiery sword.

But *then* far off, dim hope's expiring ray—
Alone on woe dwelt each despairing thought;
I had no heart to hope, no will to pray—

My sole desire, that death I *vainly* sought.
The wretched die not—death is not for them—
He blights the flower yet blooming on the stem;
Leaves the crushed worm to drag its weary length—
And strikes the mighty in his tower of strength!

By what strange mystery of the heart,
The woes we feel, would we impart?
That half the burden seems removed
Of sorrow shared with the beloved?
And even when fate denies us those,
Surrounded by our deadliest foes,
In other vent we seek relief
For these wild gushings of our grief.

And though from cold and stranger eyes
We hide it in a mute disguise,
And perish rather than complain,
Still, still, we would impart our pain.
We pour it on the desert air—
We call unconscious earth to share—
Or turn to heaven our streaming eyes,
And ask an audience of the skies.
Ay ! there have been amid the crowd
O'er whom misfortune wraps her shroud,
Sad victims of mishap or wrong,
In whom this passion wrought so strong
That they could afterwards express,
'Mid anguish of extreme distress,
Their deepest terror to have been
That none would live to *paint the scene* ;
Their dread that destiny would sweep
Their record to eternal sleep ;
In one wild havoc whelming all,
And folding in oblivion's pall,
Leave no survivor to relate
The horrors of their hapless fate !

(5)

Such sluggish aid as foes afford,
To life, reluctant life, restored ;
The gushing wound and reeling brain
Revived to consciousness of pain,
And back recalled the ebbing breath,
To sigh—how deeply sigh—for death !
An hospital ! delusive dream
That mercy there delights to beam ;

That tenderness, however brief,
Can touch the souls that trade in grief.
Stretched on a pallet—bleeding—bound—
I watched the dying wretches round,
And found but keener anguish flow
From such companionship in woe.
Pain, terror, hate, remorse, despair,
Pined in unpitied anguish there.
For prompted not by pain alone
The gushing tear, the heaving groan,
The death that hovered dark and grim
O'er each pierc'd side or shattered limb,
But pangs of deep and inward pain
Heart-wounds that ne'er would heal again ;
While monsters driven by mad despair
To mock the very pangs they share,
Grinned horrible a ghastly jeer
At each low moan of pain or fear,
Though their own parting groan the next
Might fall upon the ear they vexed !
No tender hand to close their eyes,
No breast to echo back their sighs,
In that dark hospital of death
Most blest who first resigned their breath.
Oh ! long—though change of scene might be
But change of misery to me—
Would those dark horrors haunt my brain
With perpetuity of pain ;
And e'en before my sleeping eyes
That Pandemonium still would rise.

(6)

Yet drew I slow recovery there
E'en from the depth of my despair ;
The very weakness of my frame
Had quenched my spirit's feverish flame ;
My very willingness to die
A joyless life seemed to supply.
A torpid being slow returned
To where no more life's ardours burned ;
And Death, defrauded once again,
Resigned me to the tyrant's chain.
Then first I woke to that sad fate
 Severest suffering gives,
And *leaves* the sufferer to its weight—
 The life that *hope* outlives !
Dragged back from death to death-like doom,
Condemned to toil in living tomb,
Chained two and two, abstracted, mute,
And unresisting as the brute
Which man controls by reason's might
(With man the power is still the right),
Our wretched band was driven forth
To the dim regions of the north ;
And, severed from the light of day,
And hope—the *soul's* own solar ray—
Plunged in the dark and dismal mine,
Through hopeless years to rave or pine,
As rage prevailed, or dark despair,
Within that cavern's icy air.

For me—my soul scarce felt its woe,
Benumbed beneath that final blow ;

E'en as a stroke that stuns the brain
Destroys the consciousness of pain,
My outward fate, how near akin
To that which agonised within !
Which agonised ?—ah no ! ah no !
Which *petrified*—that pulseless woe !
The reptile, in its marble tomb,
But faintly shadows forth my doom,
Its very self to marble grown—
Encrusted in eternal stone !

A stupor settled on my soul
That mocked my gaoler's brute control ;
Dim mists my fading eyes suffused,
My failing limbs support refused ;
The lash, the curse, bestowed in vain,
No more could rouse to rage or pain,
And I was left, all shorn of strength,
To wither life away at length,
And freezing on my bed of straw,
My last breath undisturbed to draw.
Oh, would I had resigned it then
Within that drear and noisome den !
Nor woke from that dim trance again
To keener pangs of mental pain !
But life ! oh, how tenacious still,
When bind its links to aught of *ill* !
And *all* of ill, alas ! was mine,
That round the accursed links could twine.

A light as from recovered skies
Seemed moving o'er my sightless eyes ;
Soft accents on my name were calling—
Warm tears upon my cheek were falling ;
A soft hand fondly pressed my own,
An arm around my neck was thrown ;
A wild warm wish to my bosom rushed,
My hollow cheek with rapture flushed.
The dew burst forth upon my brow—
“ Elbertha—angel—is it thou ! ”
A gush of grief alone replies ;
I raised my dim and wandering eyes,
And shading from the feeble light—
E'en in its feebleness too bright
For those sunk orbs—beheld a form
Loved scarcely with a love less warm ;
Though not the form I madly sought,
For ever uppermost to thought.
“ Oh, mother ! more than ever dear,
What force of love hath led thee here ?
Oh thou beloved, revered, deplored,
What miracle hath thee restored ? ”

Joy for an instant flushed her cheek,
She wept, but had no power to speak.
In tears her sole reply was found,—
I gazed inquiringly around,—
No signs of slavery were there,
I breathed the breath of upper air ;
I raised my 'wilderer eyes on high,
And looked once more upon the sky.

“ What spot of altered earth is this ?
Or am I in the realms of bliss ? ”
My mother marked my asking eye,
But still her tears refused reply ;
And tears of gushing joy and grief
I mingled till I found relief.
Hours fled on ; returning strength
In all its fulness came at length,
And I was nerved to hear the tale
That bade my mother’s cheek grow pale ;
Yet burst afresh the tide of woe
When that sad tale I sought to know ;
While fears, vague fears, that mocked control
Rushed through my torn and tortured soul.
“ What hath thy fatal fondness done ?
What sacrifice hath saved thy son ? ”

“ Not mine the blame, if blame there be—
I did not seek to set thee free—
I did but ask to die with thee ;
But fate by dearer hands ordains
The bursting of the bondsman’s chains.
Elbertha—”

“ Ha ! to *her* I owe—
But *how* ? ”—she wept—“ Oh ! spare the blow ! ”

“ At what dire price am I redeemed ?
Speak ! speak ! ” in agony I screamed.

“ Alas ! too dearly art thou won
For thine own happiness, my son.

Beloved, but oh ! mistaken maid,
Elbertha's self the ransom paid."

Chill horror thrilled through every vein,
A fiery pang flashed through my brain ;
But signed I that the tale of woe
My tortured spirit swift would know.

" She lives—but oh, my son, prepare
To hear a tale of dark despair.

" The leader of the Russian band
With sword and flame laid waste the land ;
And soon Doriski's turrets fell
(Though each brave heart defended well)
Beneath the force of shot and shell.
His daughter captive—and her train
Bound by the foeman's fatal chain—
Oh, spare the tale replete with pain !

" He knew her rich—he saw her fair,
All beauteous in her mute despair ;
And love—such love as tyrants feel,
That to soft pity's touch can steal—
Inflamed his hard and sordid heart
To play the lordly suitor's part.
The horror he inspired—the hate—
Oh, need I to thine ear relate ?
At length, alas ! he bribed too high—
Thy life and death were on the die ;
Thy doom suspended on her breath—
Consent—release ; denial—death !

“ Oh ! who shall paint, in hues of gore,
The pangs that then her bosom tore ?
Yet short the conflict—spare the rest—
Oh ! spare it to a mother’s breast.
In this sad record of her woe,
Her dire decision thou shalt know.”

ELBERTHA’S LETTER.

“ How shall I write ? how—how shall I express
The anguish of this uttermost distress ?
Words have no power to paint the pangs I feel ;
Tears are denied—my heart is turned to steel.
I gaze upon the greatness of my woe,
And ask, Can this be true ?—are these things so ?
Why do I *live* to ask—my father died—
By what new horrors must his child be tried ?

Where art thou, thou in whom my soul was stored,
Who held my priceless love’s exceeding hoard ?
Thou of the lofty brow and beaming eye,
And lip that uttered all things pure and high ?
And heart, the fountain of that high, pure thought,
To each fine feeling exquisitely wrought ?
Where art thou—far from thine Elbertha—where ?
Why com’st thou not her agonies to share ?
Hers, at whose presence brighter beamed thine eye,
At whose approach each cloud of care would fly ?
Where art thou ?—in the dark unfathomed mine,
Shut out from hope, why *lonely* dost thou pine ?

Ah ! why—thy woes to soothe, thy toil to share—
Why is not *she*, thine own Elbertha, there ?
A willing captive she would fly to thee—
Yea ! seek the blissful boon on bended knee.
The deepest vault where life is shut from light,
With beams of bliss were in thy presence bright ;
The darkest cell where slavery e'er despaired
Were Heaven's own portals with Ulaski shared !

Ah me ! unhappy maid—far other fate
His lonely lot—thy widowed heart—await !
Alas ! too well the fiends of vengeance know
Woe shared together were no longer woe ;
Yea ! pain's whole quiver, aimed at either heart,
All, all comprised in that one word—to part !

Methinks I see that lofty form bent low,
And the eye glazed with tears forbid to flow ;
In the drear calm of that long dread repose
Sinks the high heart that grappled with its woes.
Cold dews are gathering on that glorious brow,
Where dwelt God's image, undebased till now !
Oh heaven ! those dews, perchance, are dews of death,
And that low groan the groan of parting breath !
Is the vast sacrifice achieved in vain ?
It shall not be. Elbertha breaks thy chain !
Life-giving tidings, lo ! she brings to thee.
Come forth, young slave ! Ulaski, thou art free !

Lo ! at that word the downcast brow is raised,
And the eye sparkles that so late was glazed.

Ask'st thou the mighty ransom she hath paid ?
Oh, ask it not ! Thou—*thou* must not upbraid !
Thine is the boon thou canst not now refuse ;
The price is paid—it is not thine to choose.
Yet dost thou ask ? The ransom *wilt* thou know ?
Hear, then, thy doom. Elbertha weds thy foe !

Where am I ? Blest unconsciousness of pain
Had sunk upon my heart and soothed my brain ;
Why do I wake from that all blest repose,
To tell of past, and worse, of future woes ?
Oh, my loved father ! when you breathed your last,
Methought the bitterness of death was past.
Vain thought that then thy lost one's grief beguiled—
The wretch that slew the father wooed the child !

Ulaski ! thou hast deemed me mild and calm
As the soft summer evening's breath of balm ;
Oh ! hadst thou then beheld this cheek of flame,
And the keen shuddering of my shaken frame,
Where each quick feeling—trampled, crushed, and torn,
Writhing recoiled, and curdled into scorn—
Thou wouldst have asked, ' Is this the maid I loved ? '
Yet loved her better for the pangs she proved !
Rage, then first felt, usurped my bosom's throne,
And my eye flashed with lightnings not its own !
Withered awhile, beneath my glance he stood,
Nor braved the tigress in her maddening mood.
But when—that moment's fiery madness past—
Tears—gushing tears—relieved my soul at last,

Again he sought to soothe (*he* soothe!) my pain,
And dared the sacred name of love profane;
Told how the future should atone the past,
And at my feet his fate and fortunes cast.
But mute thenceforth I evermore remained;
No more I wept, entreated, raged, complained;
E'en ceased to hate, so utter was my scorn!
So deep the calm that of despair is born!

He threatened vengeance, and I smiled at death.
What had life left that *I* should wish for breath?
Can death be dreaded by the mangled worm?
He threatened thine—yea thine! I still was firm;
I knew mere life (such life, alas! as thine)
Well pleased, for me, Ulaski would resign.
Threats all had failed; at length a bribe he found.
Shorn of her strength, my baffled soul was bound.
Pardon he offered, liberty, to thee;
Eternal slavery the price to me!
But could I pause, Ulaski? was not this
Boon worth bestowing; boon *indeed* of bliss?
'Thou hast prevailed!' despairingly I cried—
Ulaski free—that hour *behold thy bride!*

Forgive me, oh my love! that thus I spoke,
And fixed the doom no future can revoke.
What though *my* life must henceforth be of woe,
Again for thee forgotten hope shall glow.
For thee the breath of heaven shall breathe again,
And time shall heal thy first keen crushing pain;

Live for thy country—for thy mother live !
Ah ! *she* will bless me,—therefore thou—forgive !

Nor think the wretched captive long shall pine,
Though not for her, dark yawns the friendly mine.
Though doomed thy car's triumphant wheels to grace,
Short is thy triumph—tyrant of my race !
Deep in this breast the seeds of death I feel—
The death denied to poison and to steel.
Ah ! why must woman grace the conqueror's car,
Nor seek destruction in the ranks of war ?
Oft, as amidst these armoured halls I stray,
Beat my sad breast, and sigh my soul away,
Trembling, yet longing, have I snatched the brand,
And scarce restrained the madness of my hand !

And oh ! if this unhappy life were all—
On the seal'd eye if *endless* sleep could fall—
Blest were the stroke whose one bold pang bestows
On cureless wretchedness a long repose !
But that mysterious future ne'er revealed—
That dread of endless torment unrepealed—
Why deigns not Death to tell us all he knows ?
So might we better bear—or end—our woes ?

Where do I wander ?—what wild thoughts are these ?
Lord ! 'tis Thy will !—I bow to Thy decrees !
Dark—very dark—they seem to mortal sight—
But 'tis Thy will, and all Thou will'st is right !

Yes ! dark is all around—and all things wear
To me the leaden hue of my despair.

Yet sometimes dreams recall—too sweet to last—
Back to my soul the unforgotten past !
Again with thee, 'mid bowers of bliss I rove ;
Again my father smiles upon our love ;
Again, soft warbling, sounds the voice of Spring ;
Again the zephyrs sport on downy wing.
Visions of bliss that never were to be,
Link in those dreams my lone sad heart to thee.
Back to its lord then bounds that beating heart,
And at its throbbing all those dreams depart !
Depart—and tenfold direr to my eyes
The sad realities again arise.
Chained writhing—gasping—to the fiery stake,
With anguish *such* from those sweet dreams I wake
As souls debarred from bliss—the unforgiven—
Behold far off the forfeit joys of heaven !

Yet with a strange perversity of will,
I seek the past, to sorrow o'er it still.
Hug to my heart in ecstasy of pain,
The dagger that must pierce its every vein ;
And 'mid the clouds around the present cast
Exist but in the spectre of the past !
Oh ! had our woes but worked our country's weal,
The high self-sacrifice our hearts might steel—
Steel to each meaner grief and self-regret,
And bid us taste of bliss—yet, even yet !

And who can tell but thou, in days to come,
Mayst yet redeem the rights of hearth and home ?
And all unfettered by the heart's fond ties,
Ulaski yet the land's deliverer rise !

Then, not in vain, this heart hath bled for thee,
Then, not in vain, I set the freeborn free !
Live for that boon ! for thy lov'd mother live,
If fate refuse that higher boon to give.
But fate will grant it ! Heaven itself at length
Will stretch forth in our cause its arm of strength ;
Long though its terrors sleep, to mortal sight,
It yet shall rouse to vindicate the right ;
Launch the red bolt against the oppressor's head,
And, drop by drop, wring back the blood he shed !
And when by Heaven and by his country blest,
Soothed, though still sad, my hero sinks to rest ;
When fades that eagle eye, and drowned in grief
Sarmatia wails the death-bed of her Chief,
Then may thy victories as virtues rise,
And win a brighter wreath beyond the skies ;
Then may each deed of mercy thou hast shown
Ask mercy for thee at thy Maker's throne,
And change, by blest transition, bright and calm,
The hero's laurel for the seraph's palm !

For me—'tis bliss enough that time and fame
Shall link Elbertha's to Ulaski's name.
Maids of Sarmatia ! in your country's cause (7)
Oft have ye earned—and won—the world's applause ;
But none e'er paid a price so vast as mine,
Or laid such costly offering on her shrine !

Is it not told us in the page of truth
Heaven first linked Love to Joy, in deathless youth ?
the bright bowers of Paradise they strayed,
ere sorrow came not, sin could not invade.

Blest beyond thought, *there* roved the immortal pair,
While guardian seraphs hovered in the air.
Bright bloomed for them the garden of their God,
And flowers sprang up where'er their footsteps trod ;
Eden grew brighter 'neath the eye of love,
And earth below reflected heaven above !

But bold rebellion oped the door to sin—
Joy fled to heaven, and Sorrow entered in ;
Frowning she came—her brow with cypress wreathed,
And o'er those bowers of bliss her mildew breathed ;
Each flower of Eden faded at her breath,
And Sin, the serpent, paved the way for Death.

Through many a gilded scene of glittering pain
Love still seeks Joy—but finds her not again.
Her sister, Sorrow, still assumes her garb
To pierce more deeply with her poisoned barb ;
She woos deluded Love to her embrace,
Nor till fast bound unveils her frowning face.
Then sinks his heart within him, and his eyes
Turn to that heaven where bliss for ever flies ;
There shall he wed his long-lost Joy again,
And God's own hand shall bind the broken chain ! *

And is not ours, Ulaski, love like this ?
Too high, too pure, to hope for human bliss.

* See a beautiful allegory, entitled "Pity—the daughter of Love and Sorrow"—in the works of Mrs. Barbauld.

Heavenward it points ; beneath a clime more fair
The bud too bright for earth shall blossom there—
There where the tyrant shall no more divide,
But Love be linked to Joy—his own immortal bride !

For me—my fearful fate though I fulfil,
Thine is each wish—each thought—each feeling still !
Fondly I linger o'er each parting line
That for the last time bears my heart to thine,
And feel the page too precious to resign !
Alas ! the fatal seal that closes this
Sets the last signet on departed bliss.
I send a long lock of the auburn hair
You loved to praise—the grey would mingle there
If the heart's hue it yet had learned to share !
Bind it, Ulaski, to that faithful breast
Where all too deep my image is impressed ;
Too deep for thy repose,—but all that grief
Spare yet to me, is that blest, blest belief !
That thought shall soothe me on the bed of death,
Calm my last sigh, and speed my parting breath !
Think of me as the dead ! since dead to thee,
Dead to all else, Elbertha soon shall be.
The sword hangs o'er me by a single hair—
Soon may it fall !—I give myself to prayer.
Lo ! from the altar to the tomb I go—
The friendly tomb that hides me from the foe.
Weave the white shroud ! sound, sound the solemn knell !
My first, last, only love—farewell !—farewell ! ”

From that time forth one hope, one thought,
Alone within my bosom wrought ;
I lived but for one end below—
To snatch Elbertha from the foe ;
Each hour elapsed I deemed a crime
Till fate should bring the destined time.

I left Siberia's frozen skies
With that swift haste which fear supplies ;
Again I reached my native land,
Again I raised a faithful band ;
Faithful though few ! Ulaski's name
Could yet their gallant hearts inflame ;
And to avenge his wrongs they vowed,
With curses deep and dire and loud.
Remembrance of their country's woes
Aroused them from enforced repose ;
As the scotch'd snake, if spurned again,
Springs forth in its expiring pain,
To plant its venom in the vein,
And dies, but doth not die in vain !

Yon castle's flag is waving high,
And sounds of joy salute the sky ;
Sounds seldom heard in Poland now,
Where sorrow dims each downcast brow ;
And sorrow's tones alone are hung
Upon the mute or faltering tongue.
" Good peasant ! whence proceeds the mirth
That in yon stately halls hath birth ? "

“Yon castle’s lord—alack the day
That strangers hold our lands in sway !—
Stands at the altar with the child
Of lost Doriski, brave as mild.
Oh ! vainly did his virtues claim
A better meed than barren fame !
And vainly would his vassals’ woe
Avenge the stroke that laid him low.
That ye are Poles your speech betrays,
Though on a Russian garb I gaze ;
Perchance our gallant Chief ye knew,
Still foremost where the battle drew.
His, once, these lands—this spacious sway,
But *he* and *his* have passed away ;
All save the fair ill-fated maid,
The captive of the conqueror’s blade ;
For whom and for her wide domain
Her vassals’ blood was spilt in vain ;
And sumptuous revels gild the rite
That yields them to the foeman’s might.
But such the maiden’s mute despair
No thought can reach or tongue declare
The pangs her riven heart must bear.
She scarcely seems a form of life
So paralysed by inward strife ;
Nor death ’tis deemed can long delay
To claim his unreluctant prey.”

I heard no more—but dashing on,
Swift as the Summer flash was gone ;

Disguised in Russia's warlike garb,
And mounted, each, on swiftest barb,
Unchallenged we attained the dome,
Once, once alas ! Doriski's home ;
That home of pure and perfect bliss—
Oh God ! what fatal change was this ?
My whirling brain, oh ! madness spare—
There yet remains a deed to dare ;
A blest revenge may still remain—
For Poland though we bled in vain ;
One precious boon may yet be craved,
Her best, her fairest, yet be saved !

We mingled with the gazing crowd
That pressed to view the revel proud,
And up the dazzling vista gazed
To where the fated shrine was raised.
Dark eve had settled on the earth,
But there a brighter day had birth ;
A thousand torches flashed around,
A thousand tones of music sound ;
And jewels bright were blazing there,
And odours filled the ambient air.
Incense and anthems ! it was well !
The victim, and the funeral knell !

But 'mid the dazzle and the din
My eyes sought out but one within ;
They sought and found her—drooping there,
The cold dull image of despair.

Form, features, countenance concealed,
She stood to hear her sentence sealed.
From head to foot the veil she wore
Fell sweeping on the marble floor ;
And through its folds arose alone
The swelling bosom's stifled groan ;
Alone within her aching breast
That fitful heaving showed unrest.
You might have deemed, as met your view
That pale dim outline's form and hue,
A spectre in sepulchral shroud
Had glided ghastly through the crowd,
And gained that unblest altar's side
To be the foeman's fearful bride !

'Twas but an instant that I gazed,
Then high my vengeful arm I raised ;
I raised—then dropped it by my side—
For lo ! she speaks—that spectre bride !
She speaks ?—her lips refuse to speak ;
Her accents sharpen to a shriek.
One wild shrill shriek—and all is o'er—
She sinks upon the marble floor !

Who lifts her thence—fierce, fiercely prest,
To his wild heart and throbbing breast ?
Who bears her in her snowy shroud
Swift through the dense recoiling crowd ?
Who flings her on his fiery steed—
(Oh precious in that hour of need !)

And faster than the lightning's wing,
The barrier clears at one wild spring,
And bounds along the trackless plain,
His own Elbertha his again !

So swift the flight—so sudden all,
That scarce could memory recall
The moment, ere the deed was done,
The shrine was gained, the prize was won.
Beneath his load there seemed no need
To goad to flight my gallant steed ;
As if his master's wish he knew,
Along the sounding plain he flew ;
As if his master's soul inspired,
Each muscle seemed with frenzy fired.
Scarce my unburden'd band could cope
With that swift flight of fear and hope !

Compelled to pause—his speed at length
Was failing from exhausted strength,
When, sparkling to the eye of day,
A welcome rill arrests our way.
He plunged within the cooling wave,
His reeking flanks rejoiced to lave,
And stooped beneath the slackened rein,
The deep reviving draught to gain.

I dipped my helmet in the wave,
Elbertha's marble brow to lave ;
And, waking from that dread repose,
Once more her 'wilderer eyes unclosed.

"Where am I? Whither do we flee?
Great heaven! Ulaski! saved by thee!"

"Oh speak not, dearest! Mute remain,
Till we have fled this curst domain,
Where tyranny and rapine reign.
Enough that thou art mine for ever;
Not death itself our fates shall sever!"

Death! death! Alas that word of fear—
Ill-boding sound to mortal ear;
Even then—oh heaven! he hovered near!

That pause, though short, had fixed our fate;
Our *after*-speed was all too late.
Fierce had the foeman's fury burned
When scattered sense again returned;
And fierce had been the hot pursuit,
When fled that first amazement mute.
A sound of hoofs is on mine ear;
A voice of rage and hate I hear.
"Turn, traitor, turn!"—and as he spoke
(Oh! thoughts, my gushing heart that choke)
A shot! a flash!—spare, spare the rest!
That shot had pierced Elbertha's breast!
Not unavenged! I saw him fall
Beneath Ulaski's vengeful ball.
But what of *him*? oh what of aught
But *that* one dread absorbing thought—
Her death—hers—hers! Oh wretch, that I
Survived to see Elbertha die!

Wretch, deeply, darkly, doubly cursed,
Erewhile such flattering hopes that nursed.
Oh ! vainly to her gushing breast
My stanching scarf I madly press'd,
And called on heaven in wild despair
The blow, if but one hour, to spare !

One glance of deep, undying love,
She cast on me ; then raised above
Those eyes whence earthly hope had fled,
And bowed submissively her head.
One low, deep sigh from her bosom broke,
As thus in faltering tones she spoke :—
“ Thou liv'st ! 'Tis bliss enough for me
That I have lived to die for thee !
Cease, best belov'd one, to deplore,
As those lament who meet no more.
Could I escape this present fate,
Ulaski ! it were all too late.
My doom was fixed. No earthly skill
Could long avert th' impending ill ;
Within this breast works slow decay.
And short had been the vain delay
Ere death had claimed his destined prey.
Shall I repine a swifter doom
Consigns me to the impending tomb ?
That thou art spared the lingering grief
To watch that respite sad and brief ?
To see me wasting day by day,
And withering from the earth away ?

No ! better that the blow should fall
Than short suspense vain hope recall.
My soul is wing'd for realms of light—
Oh ! stay not thitherward her flight.
For there a brighter bliss shall glow
Than even thy love could give below.
Still live, belov'd one—swear thou wilt !
Or vainly shall this blood be spilt ;
Live for thy mother ! bear her far
From these sad scenes of strife and war.
Live for thy country !—for the land
That yet may lack thy guiding hand.
Live for Elbertha !—let her prayer
Preserve thy soul from rash despair.

“ Ah me ! my failing eyes grow dim—
Where art thou, love ?—my senses swim ;
Close, closer draw me to thy heart—
So shall my spirit best depart ;
Enshrined in thy supporting arms
Not death itself my soul alarms.
And yet, ah me ! my failing heart !
To die is still from thee to part !
Oh that keen pang !—this struggling breath !
More air !—more air !—this—this is death ! ”

Her head fell back upon my breast—
Her soul had sought its final rest ;
She was beyond oppression's power—
And I—oh God ! survived that hour !

Survived it—for my maddening brain
Denied the consciousness of pain ;
And weeks in wild delirium passed,
Ere came that consciousness at last ;
Ere I had learned to feel or know
The weight of that unuttered woe !

My tale is told !—what after-fate
Of good or ill can I relate ?
There is no joy or woe to one
Whose energy of heart is gone ;
Dungeons or thrones reserved for him,
Alike his horoscope is dim ;
Alike beneath his plumes or chains
The rankling of his soul remains.

'Tis true the storm of grief will cease,
And yield the soul to sullen peace.
But never more can joy resume,
And never more can hope illumine
The breast whose life's true life is fled—
Whose very *power* of bliss is dead.

My mother sought the distant land
Where now I join my scattered band ;
The remnant of the faithful few
That from their fatherland withdrew ;
The burden of their woe to bear,
Far from the home of their despair.
That I have lived, to her I owe,
The soother of my ceaseless woe.

For her, and for the remnant brave
That 'scaped with me an oft-sought grave,
I yet would live—though life to me
A lingering death alone can be.
We live not for ourselves alone—
With other lots is linked our own ;
The load of life I yet can bear
While *she* exists that load to share,
And from her pious patience learn
Where baffled hopes of bliss may turn ;
Nor dread to meet, in happier sphere,
The ruin that awaits them here !

Oh ! not in vain be mine to view
The faith no trial can subdue—
The meek resignation of the soul
That every murmur can control—
And where the darkest vistas end
Sees Paradise beyond extend.
Yet hard the task, and sad, and slow,
To raise the soul from scenes below,
And teach the torn and tortured breast
That this is not its place of rest ;
To bid the throbbing heart be still,
Submissive to a higher will ;
And ask alone of other world
The bliss whence here our hopes are hurled.

CONCLUSION.

The spirit, like the body, hath its wounds,
Which oft break out and bleed afresh when we
Had deemed them closed for ever, and the bounds
Of blest oblivion set to sorrow's sea.

How oft, when sunk its weary waves to rest,
Will memory's dark wing sweep the dread expanse ;
And o'er that murmuring ocean's maddening breast
The spectres of departed joys advance !

Wounds of the heart ! Time only *dulls* your pain.
He hides, not heals, th' immedicable-woe ;
We cease to hope, and therefore to complain ;
We cease to *writhe*, we *bow*, beneath the blow.

'Tis for the tyro in distress, to mourn ;
'Tis for the lightly stricken, to complain ;
'Tis for the sorrow of which hope is born
To weep, not for the woe that weeps in vain !

For us—the veil is lifted from our eyes ;
We know that it must be so, and submit.
The wretched seek their sad relief in sighs,
The falsely blest, in mirth and hollow wit.

In outward calm we hide our inward pain,
On the world's wide arena forth we go ;
But what we once were, can we be again ?
The hollow voice within, respondeth, No !

The spirit hath departed from its shrine ;
The flame that fired the offering is consumed ;
The voice hath ceased whose utterings were divine ;
The fire that fell from heaven, hath heaven resumed.

Yet, in the cold, dull embers of the soul,
A lingering spark will quicken into flame ;
And, scorning Reason's weak though stern control,
Will burst the torture which no time can tame.

Flow, then, ye tears I deemed for ever dried ;
Mourn while ye may, the grief ye cannot heal ;
No more I seek to stanch grief's gushing tide,
No more the anguish of my soul conceal.

Flow forth, ye tears ! the callous calm again
Shall sink upon my soul, and soothe my brain.
Gush on, gush on, immedicable woes ;
And when the tide is spent, the wound will close !



L' ENVOI.

LONG years have passed since this sad tale was told—
And many a sorrow hath been suffered since ;
But History hath the mournful theme enrolled,
And tells dark truths of each despotic prince !

Tells of the victims too !—the cruel doom
Of deeds that merited far other fate ;
Tells of the baffled hope—the deepening gloom—
And all the horrors that on slavery wait.

For theirs were no imaginary woes,
Born of sedition, envy, discontent ;
Witness th' eternal shame that brands the foes
By whom their free land was in sunder rent. (8)

And faster still, doth Time but forge their chain—
Nor Hope, on broken wing, again can soar—
E'en Pity's pleadings are but heard in vain—
Mourn for the dead—Sarmatia is no more !

NOTES.

(1.) "All, all is lost save honour" may'st exclaim.
 "Nous avons perdu tout—hors l'honneur."—Francis I. in his letter to his mother, after the battle of Pavia.

(2.) "Parent of children who have bled for thee
 Till thy crushed earth gives forth again their gore."

"C'est avec justice que Jean Sobieski a dit dans une lettre a son épouse, et datée du camp dans la guerre contre les Turques — 'Cette terre est si ambue de sang versé pour le salut de la Chretienté que prenez une glèbe et pressez-la entre vos mains elle fera jailler du sang.'—Après cet époque, plus d'un siècle et demi, rempli de guerres, que puis-je ajouter à cette expression énergétique de mon auguste compatriote?"—*M. Savaskiévis, a Polish exile.*

(3.) "But drawn in her thrice hallowed cause,
 For *that* is country, kindred, laws,
 With life alone resign."

"The words of his last will (Washington's) in bequeathing his sword to his nephews, ought to be engraved in letters of gold over every palace in the world: 'This sword they shall never draw but in defence of freedom, or of their country, or of their kindred; and when thus drawn, they shall prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.'"—*Life of Washington.*

(4.) "The adventurous sage
 Who tampered with the tempest's rage."

Professor Richman of St. Petersburg, who was killed by the lightning which he was endeavouring, *en philosophe*, to extract from a cloud, August 6th, 1753.

(5.) "Their deepest terror to have been
 That none would live to paint the scene."

Mr. Holwell, who survived and wrote an account of the awful catastrophe at Calcutta, in the month of August, 1756, when but 23 lived till morning of the 146 that were imprisoned over-night, expresses one of his greatest fears to have been (when despairing of his own existence) that none would survive to *relate* the fearful story of their sufferings.

- (6.) "Grinned, horrible, a ghastly jeer,
At each low moan of pain or fear."

This has been related of the French wounded, after the Battle of Waterloo (such are the hardening effects of long continued war and cruelty), while the English and Scotch soldiers in the same hospital resigned, if less severely wounded, the first drop of water and the first dressing of their wounds, to the most suffering among their enemies.

- (7.) "Maids of Sarmatia," &c.

Bien des dames Polonaises périrent près des remparts de Varsovie, en soignant les blessés pendant le bombardement, leur sang froid étant sans pareil. Par exemple, une femme bourgeoise voyant un obus éclater, tuer, ou blesser autour d'elle toutes ses compatriotes, s'écrioit, 'Oh Dieu ! à présent je reste toute seul à soigner tant de blessés,' et se mit au travail avec toute la résignation, et la plus grande activité. Mais l'héroïsme des belles Polonaises sembloit surpasser celui des femmes Spartanes. On a vu des demoiselles offrir leurs dots sur l'autel de la patrie, et quelquefois se ranger à côté de leurs frères pour défendre la patrie.—*M. Savaskiévis*.

The following letter, at that period, from an Englishman to a noble lord, confirms the above testimony of their own countrymen to the courage and benevolence of the Polish ladies :—

"Imagine, my lord, the state of Warsaw. The houses of the persons of the first rank are filled by the wounded that are brought in after each day's battle; nay, even the streets are filled with them; and ladies of the highest rank, in the midst of the inclemency of the winter, have attended, and still attend them, dress their wounds, for surgical aid is greatly wanting, and give them all that consoling assistance that female benevolence can alone perhaps suggest. And what is still more beautiful, the Russian wounded that fall in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, receive the

same humane attention; for, with the Poles, as with the English, a fallen foe is no longer an enemy. The ladies of Warsaw have sold all their rings, plate, &c.; have renounced all their accustomed luxuries of life, living principally upon *kassida* (boiled grain, prepared with milk or butter), and making every sacrifice worthy of Roman matrons to relieve their suffering countrymen. But conceive, my lord, what must be their dread, surrounded by so powerful an enemy, should Warsaw fall into such barbarous hands. On each day of battle, the women of Warsaw, of all ranks, prostrate themselves with their faces to the ground, within and without the churches, to obtain the protection of heaven."

So much for the Polish ladies in time of war. Another author thus speaks of them in time of peace:—

"The Polish women are beautiful—they are exquisitely beautiful; and more so from the captivating graces of their air and manner than from mere personal attractions. Were I to imagine a model of Eve before the fall, I would seek for her among the daughters of Sarmatia."

Were such women worthy of a fate like that which is recorded in this poem, or the still sadder one quoted below, of a date some years later than the subject of its story,—“Persecution of the Poles”?

The *Univers* publishes the following facts, the authenticity of which it guarantees:—

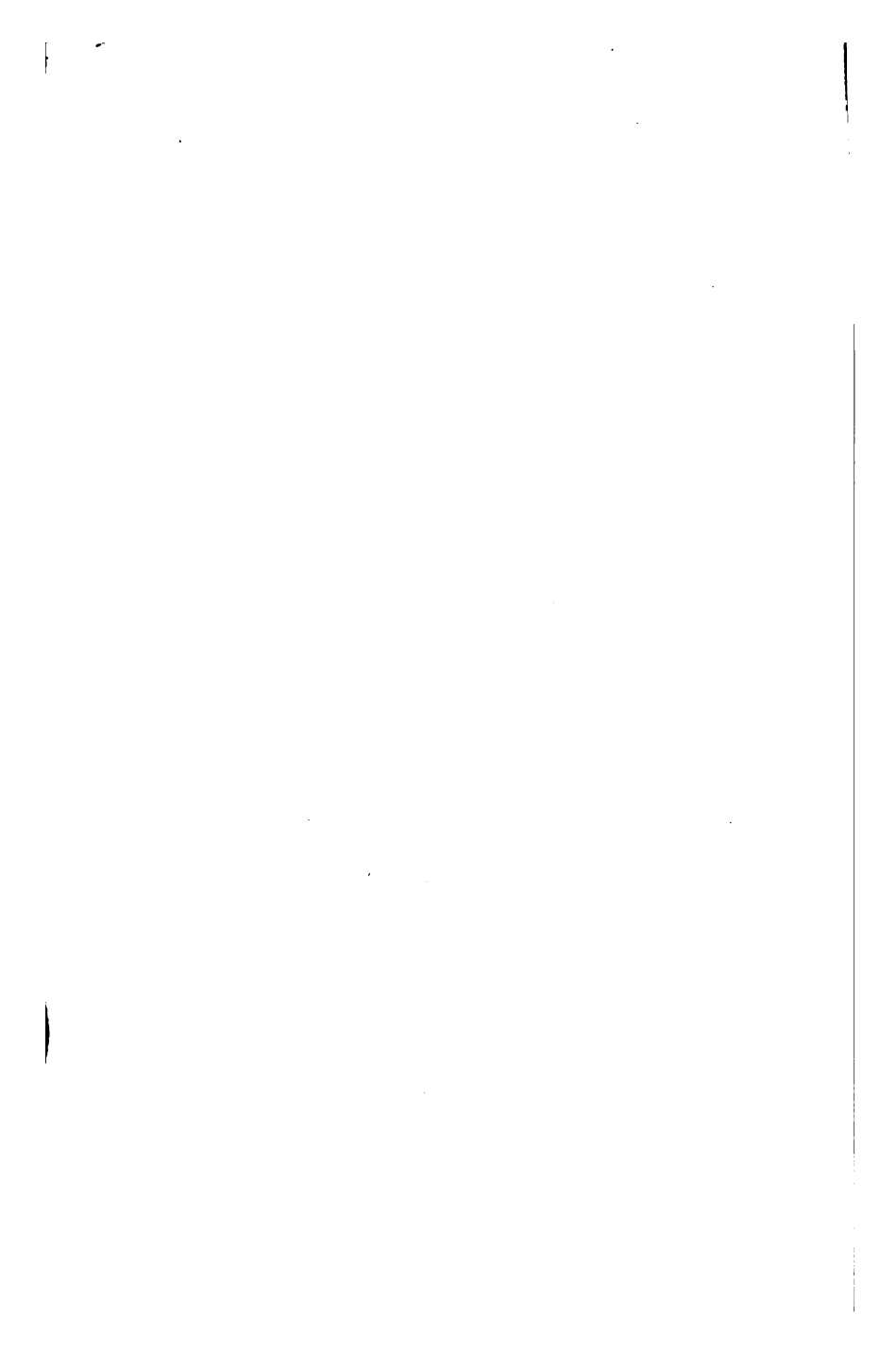
“Madame de Grocholska, connected with one of the most honourable families in Volhynia, had obtained a passport from the Russian Government to visit her husband in Switzerland, who had emigrated thither ten years since, and to take with her her son, twelve years of age, who had scarcely known his father. The child, after he had remained some time with his father, refused to quit him, and declared that he would destroy himself rather than return to Poland. Madame de Grocholska was obliged to leave her son in Switzerland, and return alone. She had, however, no sooner arrived at home than the Governor of the Province sent for her, and demanded why she had left her son in a foreign country? The Russian satrap, not being satisfied with her explanations, placed a guard on her property, to await

the Emperor's decision. Orders were immediately issued by the Czar, to send Madame de Grocholska to Siberia, and to confiscate her property. Her daughter, only seventeen years of age, who had not left Poland, was sent into the military colonies to 'people' those establishments (according to the language of the imperial ukase), that is to say, to be compelled to marry a soldier, and to embrace the Greek religion. The nobility of the district, shocked at this act of tyranny, made a subscription for the victim which amounted to 15,000 roubles. This sum was handed to the Russian Government, with a request to employ it in giving a dowry to the young person, who had received an excellent education, in order that she might at least marry an officer. But the Russian despot considered 1,000 roubles sufficient for a dowry, and ordered 14,000 roubles to be deposited in the treasury for the Invalids; and at the same time returning ironical thanks for the generosity of the subscribers."

(8.) "By whom their free land was in sunder rent."

Alluding to the famous, or rather infamous, "Partition of Poland"—then a free and independent kingdom—among the surrounding powers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, towards the close of the last century, an act which is justly characterised by Goldwin Smith as "the most flagrant violation of public history; and one against which—let them roll as many stones to the mouth of that sepulchre as they will—nature and justice will protest till right is done."





AURELIA;
OR, THE GIFTED.

(The Story of COUNT VEDONI.)

A U R E L I A ;

OR,

THE GIFTED.

(The Story of COUNT VEDONI.)

"Mind—mind alone—bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime !" —AKENSIDE.

"Each has his grief—and he who least betrays
The only hypocrite deserving praise." —BYRON.

WE wandered with Vedoni 'mid the glooms
Where the dark cypress saddens o'er the tombs.
Funereal tree ! which nods o'er Nature's hearse,
Theme of sad thought and melancholy verse !
And as we wandered, oft we paused and turned,
And questioned oft the fate of the inurned :
The fate of bliss—of woe—of pride—of shame —
The paths how different—yet the goal the same !
There, many a sad memorial Love or Pride
Had raised from those who lived to those who died ;
Who lived ! perchance who long had been restored
To the vain dust thus honoured and deplored !

One with a deeper interest imprest,
Stately, yet simple, towered above the rest.

'Twas purest marble, with a name and date,
But bore no record of its tenant's fate.
Above, a broken lily was pourtrayed,
And o'er it drooped a willow's pensive shade ;
A voiceless harp—its shivered chords unstrung—
High on the seared and broken branches hung.
At once the lightning's flash had scathed the flower
And the vain shelter of its shadowy bower.
I marked the silent moral of the scene,
And musing paused—to ask what this might mean.

Vedoni's eyes were fixed where mine had dwelt,
And seemed with deep remembrances to melt.
"Thou pale memorial !" sadly he replied,
"Of hearts and spirits Death could not divide,
Too *soon* to thy sad guardianship consigned—
Not for themselves but those they left behind.

Unblest Aurelia ! calm be the repose
That here at length thy troubled spirit knows ;
Too high a soul was thine, too soft a heart,
For Earth's sad scenes to fit thee for a part ;
And yet, were all Earth's habitants like thee,
A dream no more its age of gold might be !

Thou too, young glowing creature, bright and fair,
Child of her early hope and late despair !
Didst thou not well to find an early doom
While life and bliss alike were in their bloom ?
Didst thou not well from earthly scenes to flee
While yet *that* Earth appeared a Heaven to thee ?

Ere yet one cloud obscured thy dawning sky
On hope's bright day-beam to ascend on high ;
Elude the withering touch of time and care,
And spring from angel *here* to angel *there* ?
Well hast thou done ! and pleased shall I relate
The simple story of thine early fate.
Eventless tale !—*because* eventless, blest !
For what is all adventure but unrest ?
Through varied forms of wretchedness to range ?
The sole true bliss is bliss that cannot change !
Of thee hereafter ; for awhile I'd dwell
On her who mourned thee long, and loved thee well.

Oft had I heard of fair Aurelia's fame
Ere to this land of loveliness I came ;
Yet little recked the exaggerated zeal
Which loudly praises though it lightly feel ;
As if with ill won eulogy to tire
Could make these zealots that which they admire.
But Fame's deluded dupe in early youth,
I long had weighed her worth and proved her truth.
Like him of Babylon, she loves to raise
A golden image for the public gaze ;
Then calls her myrmidons in clamorous bands
To bow before the work of their own hands,
And with soft sound of dulcimer and flute
Exalt to more than man the less than brute.

On *him* she smiles who rides the battle flood
And bathes his blushing wreath in Freedom's blood ;

On him—the Bard—who snatches fire from heaven
To feed low grovelling flames of earthly leaven.
They win the smiles and wear the wreath of Fame
Whose god is self—whose glory is their shame.
Unreal merit she delights to bless,
The true, because the humble, to depress.
But wherefore blame her? these the boon despise,
And ask no wreath—save amaranth from the skies !

And yet not *always* errs she—real worth
Will sometimes call a genuine plaudit forth ;
And Truth, I found, for once might call on Fame
To swell the triumphs of Aurelia's name.

There be who burst at once upon the view,
Lead fancy captive—dazzle and subdue ;
These charm the many—*she* was not of these :
Her aim was less to dazzle than to please ;
And if for rank and station in the state
A humble doom had been assigned by fate,
A mind so veiled in meek retirement's shroud
Had passed, perchance, unnoticed in the crowd.
To those alone who *sought* 'twas given to find
The hidden treasures of that heart and mind ;
But when by friendship's cheering influence charmed,
And social converse had to freedom warmed,
Their varied stores unfolded one by one,
As ope the green leaves to the glowing sun.

Hers was that genuine courtesy of heart
Which kindness teaches when unschooled by art ;

Its golden rule—the dread of giving pain
E'en to the lowest menial of her train ;
Of adding by a single unit more
To the vast sum of misery's countless store.
Content to please, and careless of display,
Her last of thoughts was what the world might say.
Yet with those simple manners were combined
Powers how sublime, and genius how refined !
Reason was hers—at once august and mild—
Deep as the sage, yet docile as the child ;
And wit that sparkled like the polar beams
And cast a radiance o'er the dullest themes ;
Wit that ne'er wounded in its wildest sport,
Enlivened all, but scorched or blasted nought.
'Tis thus in powers transcendant still we find
The heart not less enlightened than the mind.
True knowledge is true virtue—the clear sight
That sees at once, and seizes on—the *right*.
Can *mind* be fraught with heaven's electric spark,
And yet the *moral* world continue dark ?
No !—the rapt soul shall catch contagious fire,
And evil, in the glorious flame, expire !

Here having met, where no vain forms restrain,
I sought her hall again and still again ;
Drawn thither by that subtle spell which binds,
Unconsciously, congenial hearts and minds ;
And still, the more I knew, the more I prized
The worth I once had doubted or despised.

Easy of access—kind to all she knew—
Her friendship was a boon reserved for few.

With *her* 'twas not a name—it found a part
In every feeling that informed her heart ;
Unfelt the chain—unconscious as the breath
Of infant life—it yet was strong as death ;
A silken tie—but which, when once entwined
Around her heart, death only could unbind.
She was not old—if age but counts by years ;
She was not young—like age if sorrow sears.
But if the pure simplicity of youth,
Its guileless candour, and its spotless truth,
Its quenchless thirst for knowledge—and its love
Of all that's bright and fair—below—above—
A spirit spurning all unjust control,
Yet meekly bending to the sway of soul—
Benevolence that o'er the world could roam,
Yet ever feel the primal claim of *home*—
And that still sweeter charity which flings
Its own bright colouring over men and things :
If vice to loathe, and meanness to despise,
Yet turn on human error pitying eyes—
To worship merit wheresoever found—
On thrones exalted, or in dungeons bound—
At Science' feet submissively to sit,
And lift a dazzled eye to worth or wit—
Bask in the hallowed blaze o'er glory thrown,
And talent e'en thought it eclipsed her own :
In traits like these, if youth of *soul* we see,
She yet was young—and would for ever be !

She was not beautiful—if beauty shines
Alone in classic forms and Grecian lines ;

For Nature—frugal of her bounties still,
And in just measure weighing good and ill—
Gives rarely to a soul with genius warm
Cold regularity of outward form.
Yet well compensates in the kindling eye,
And lofty brow, for what she doth deny.
What though on forms Expression's power hath graced
The charm of perfect outline be not traced,
Who would forego *her* varied gifts to gain
Mere soulless beauty's transitory reign ?
Oh ! hadst thou seen her soft and serious eye
Where Pity beamed as from her native sky,
Where each mild virtue sat as on a throne
Beneath the shadowy lash's jetty zone,
That eye which yet could, mild as it might seem,
With anger flash, or inspiration beam :
Anger which only evil deeds could wake,
For mercy's sacred cause, or virtue's sake,
And inspiration that derived its source
From streams that flowed unmingled with remorse,
Hadst thou, like me, delighted, learned to trace
The mind for ever varying in the face,
Marked the rich contrast of her raven hair
To that expanse of forehead, high and fair—
The matron graces, dignified yet meek—
The soul's warm tint that flushed the kindling cheek,
At times perchance thou wouldst have asked with me,
If beauty's self more beautiful could be !

And Fortune seemed with Nature to concur
To ope a thousand varied stores for her ;

Around her, flocked the talents she admired,
And to her praise, as fame's sure pledge, aspired.
The favours from her generous heart that flowed
Seemed twice conferred, so well were they bestowed !
And twice they *were* !—the bounty of such hearts
Receives—oh how much more than it imparts !
E'en *thy* sharp sting, Ingratitude, it foils,
For good—like evil—on itself recoils !

And Heaven, as if to fill the measure up
That crowned with bliss her life's meridian cup,
Had given one gift more dear than all the rest,
One gift which gave to others all their zest :
A Daughter, in the earliest dawn of youth—
Fairer than hope's first beams ere chased by truth ;
All other blessings seemed combined in this—
The focus centering all their beams of bliss !

Yet said I grief had seared her heart ? I did !
The wound may fester though the dart be hid ;
And all effaceless may the scar remain
Tho' stanch'd the bleeding, and tho' passed the pain ;
Oft on her gaze unconsciously imprest
Lurked dim betrayal of her soul's unrest.
'Twas not the bard's rapt glance that seems to soar
Through fields of fancy never trod before,
And, all forgotten its vile bonds of clay,
To bask in regions of supernal day—
It seemed a backward glance on bygone years
That viewed them ever through a veil of tears.

Yet friendship's piercing eye alone could trace
The soul's deep secret rising to the face.
For there was little in her outward mien
By which that inward sorrow could be seen ;
If sighs she heaved, none ever *heard* her sigh,
If tears she shed, none saw them in her eye.
Nor gayer oft that sportive maid might seem
Who yet of childhood's fairyland might dream,
Than she who spread for *her* that fairy ground,
And plucked the thorn from every rose around.

Yet oh ! what fearful difference in their mirth
To those who knew whence each derived its birth !
One, the green mantle which the glowing Spring
Delights o'er all her lovely works to fling ;
One, the rank waving of the rootless grass
Which hides the quakings of the dank morass ;
And by its very verdure but betrays
The depth of the abyss o'er which it plays !
To me, who by the common lot of youth,
Had dreamed of happiness, and woke to truth,
And found that truth and sorrow were the same,
A strange wild wish with that conviction came :
The wish to know if in the world around
One blest exception to that fate was found.
A moment dreamed I, I had found it here,
But guessed more truly as I looked more near.
And she whom I had deemed exempt from all
The common sufferings to our fate that fall ;
Not more in Fortune's boons—' the Goddess blind '
Than in her own high gifts of heart and mind—

Had she too chased a phantom—she too failed?
Was all that seeming bliss but sorrow veiled?
Once, when those gloomy feelings seemed to stir,
Musing I fixed my thoughtful glance on her;
When she, slow waking from that long-drawn trance,
Caught the keen meaning of that watchful glance,
And seemed to ask inquiringly in turn
What were the hidden thoughts I sought to learn.
“Blame not,” I cried, “the interest friendship feels
In cares which prudence or which pride conceals.
I too would hide that interest which would guess
What looks betray, though lips should ne’er express.
But thou hast marked it—I will therefore tell
The theme on which my thoughts incessant dwell;
Thou art not happy!—some concealed regret
Twined with each thought forbids thee to forget.
Blest as thou seem’st, thou hid’st a secret care—
Thine also is the plague-spot of despair!
Yet whence the hidden source from which it flows,
And what can break thy soul’s profound repose?
Friends meet around thee, in communion sweet—
Wealth pours her golden goblet at thy feet;—
’Tis thine the clear and nectared cup to fill
Which Wisdom draws from Pleasure’s purest rill;
And, best and dearest to a heart like thine,
The sun of all thy social sphere to shine;—
To soothe neglected Sorrow on her way,
To cheer young Genius struggling into day—
And feel reflected from each glowing heart
The bliss thou shedd’st—of thine the sweetest part.
All these are thine—and can it be that bliss
More pure—more perfect—can exist than this?

"The heart, she answered with a pensive smile,
Knows its own secret bitterness the while.

"And yet 'tis true that all, and more than all,
The boons thou speak'st of, to my fortune fall ;
And oft the varied blessings I review
That undeserved my earthly pathway strew ;
Nor think, deep gratitude and calm delight
Can e'er remain unkindled at the sight ;
Nor to the bounteous Donor that I raise
'That prose of piety—a lukewarm praise.' *

"Yet steals the sigh for ever from my breast
To feel I am not, though I might be, blest ;
Yea ! feel, e'en while I count the boons of fate,
That happiness itself may come too late !

"Yet is there little in my simple tale
To shake the soul, or bid the cheek grow pale ;
Feelings, like fortunes, have their rise and fall—
These may abound, when those have lost their all.
Deep griefs are linked to prosperous fate at times
As fiercest earthquakes scourge the fairest climes ;
All may be calm without, where, dark within,
Gnaws the keen tooth of sorrow or of sin.
But feelings ask no pity—tell no tale—
The woes she *sees*, soft Pity's heart assail.

* Young, a writer much read and highly appreciated by foreigners. The Italians have an excellent translation of his "Night Thoughts."

To these her ready sympathies extend—
She turns from cares she cannot comprehend.

“ And if to Friendship’s eye were all revealed
In Sorrow’s sacred treasure-house concealed,
Each page of all my chequered life unrolled,
The heart’s deep secrets would remain untold.
The nameless but the ne’er forgotten woes
On which the seal of silence must repose !

“ There be dim spectres haunt the paths of all
For which Regret still weaves Oblivion’s pall ;
She weaves, alas ! but like the Grecian bride,
With toil perverted—talent misapplied ;
For still at feeling’s agonising ebb,
Her own rash hand unravels all the web !

“ Yes ! there be pages sealed, in Life’s sad book,
On which we loathe to think, and dread to look ;
Dark records graven on the human heart
From which despairing Memory will start,
For she can ne’er forget, in happier years,
They once were stained and blotted with her tears ! ”

PART II.

"Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore;
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe."
Ode to Adversity.—GRAY.

He paused—but I replied not—there was much
 In what he said, a secret chord to touch;
 As one string'd instrument—howe'er unlike,
 Returns low sounds, another when we strike.

As far beneath Aurelia's reach of soul
 As the dim centre from the distant pole,
 As far in fortunes as in climes apart,
 The theme yet found an echo in my heart.*
 Perchance, so high was admiration wrought,
 A pang of fitting *envy* crossed my thought;
 Till came *that* thought which envy still disarms,
 Say, wouldst thou have her sorrows with her charms?
 The fearful balance still assigned by Fate
 To all she gives,—of blest—of good—of great!
 Fame! why for ever must thy rays divine
 Still scathe the blighted brows round which they shine?

* "Thou shalt be all
 I would have been—and was not!"
Byron's "Werner."

Mine be the humbler lot—the happier doom—
Though glory gild not my forgotten tomb !

Vedoni ceased ; but wrapt in deepest thought,
Scarce had mine ear his closing accents caught :
A moment paused he for reply, in vain—
Then, in low accents, thus resumed his strain :—

“ Well may’st thou deem I sought no more of her
A tale which feelings so acute could stir ;
And when from other sources it was gained
I felt the truth—that much untold remained.

Her Father was united, in his youth,
To one who merited more love, more truth ;
Obedient to a parent’s stern behest,
They twined a bond each felt to be unblest.
His early hopes were on another bent,
Of fallen fortunes but of high descent ;
And, soon as death released him from his chain,
Those hopes, awhile repress, revived again.

“ But *him* she loved not—and ambition strove,
Vainly awhile against a humbler love.
’Twas but awhile ; her stern and haughty soul
Could, even in youth, each tender thought control.
In *her* seemed, strangely mingled, to conspire
A Roman firmness with Italian fire.
Haughty and bold, implacable and stern,
Hers were all powers that miscalled greatness earn ;

On *man* bestowed, that raise to regal chair,
Or form the despot if they find him there.

“ Yet did her beauty hide, in early youth,
From keenest eyes conviction of the truth ;
For who could deem beneath that sparkling eye
Passions yet darker than its hue might lie ?

Conscious of lofty charms of form and mind,
She spurned the humble doom by fate assigned ;
Gave to ambition's lordly hand the rein—
And purchased—perpetuity of pain !

“ A few short years, and all the pomp and show,
For which she bartered love, had brought but woe ;
He who for hers a gentler heart had spurned,
Indignant found his flame was unreturned ;
He felt a jealousy he feared to show,
And earned her scorn, e'en while he wrought her woe.
He saw not that her high and haughty pride
Was to fidelity at least allied ;
And that a principle of duty twined
Sternly with all the workings of her mind.

“ Faults, though their consequence be deeply felt,
May not to virtue urge, or kindness melt ;
Vainly may error earn its own reward,
Fire that dissolves soft natures, hardens hard.

“ All disappointment is the worst of woe,
For more than grief, quench'd hope, and pride laid low,

But oh ! what words of anguish can express
The pangs of that which waits upon *success* ?
And this, 'twas hers to writhe beneath—and all
Her once quick feelings curdled into gall.
The youthful heart Aurelia would have given
In all its warmth, unstained by earthly leaven,
For *that* she strove not—nay, the boon she spurned,
And scorn alone, and cold neglect returned.

“ Ah, poor forlorn one !—born to high estate ;
Set up the mark and mockery of fate ;
How might thy heart for *their* blest fate repine
Whose meaner lot perchance hath envied thine !
Did all thy yielding softness plead in vain
Thy tyrant's stern oppression to restrain ?
No more like thee in heart or soul, thy sire,
Than the dull smoke the pure ethereal fire ;
Yet saw she but his image in his child,
And frowned whene'er the hapless infant smiled.
Writhing beneath a bond she could not break,
Whate'er was *his* she hated for his sake ;
Coldly fulfilled her duty to her lord,
And wreaked on *her* the hatred she had stored.

“ Child of the bleeding heart, and weeping eye,
What fierce extremes of fate 'twas thine to try !
And formed alone for gentleness and love,
What bitter hate, what blasting fear, to prove !
No mother rocked thee on her heart to rest,
father's smile thy lisping accents blessed ;

'Tis sad to want those tender ties—but worse
To have them but to find in them a curse !
Yet well might sternest guardians have been proud
Of one so well, so loftily, endowed !
Yes—well for her, had Nature done her part,
And far outrun the tardy race of Art ;
All talents that can admiration stir,
On others scattered, seemed combined in her ;
Music, beneath her hand and heavenly voice,
Could bid mirth mourn, or misery rejoice ;
Could call the feelings from their secret cells,
And touch the deep-toned chords where memory dwells,
Could soothe th' impassioned soul of mental strife,
Or rouse deep-seated apathy to life.

Nor less obeyed the pencil's wondrous power
The hand that held, in inspiration's hour.
The blending tint—the softly flowing line—
The *spirit* which she taught through *form* to shine ;
Fancy and feeling strove, with graceful strife,
To raise, but still adhere to, truth and life ;
As grace had taught her nature to outvie,
And give the mind's ideal to the eye.
In these pursuits—her refuge—pleasure—pride—
Such aids as Art can give were not denied.

There was one Art—unteachable—untaught—
Which whoso learns, from heaven the lore hath caught ;
Which whoso *truly* learns, to heav'n restores
The flame it lent—so high—so pure it soars ;

While yet on earth, casts off th' encumbering sod,
And walks sublime—with Nature and with God !
And this was hers !—but deep within her breast
Lay the chilled ardour, smouldering and repress ;
For still she found but cold contempt alone
On the young germ of budding genius thrown ;
Yet glowed within, the unextinguished flame,
At once her pride, her passion, and her shame ;
And those fair fields where chainless Fancy ranged
For freedom's self she scarce would have exchanged.
For all the frowns of heaven and ills of earth—
For all defects of fortune and of birth—
In that deep well-spring of her thoughtful mind
A compensation she could seek—and find !

Alas ! 'twas needed—and her secret grief
Found in those mental stores its sole relief ;
For all too soon the sad conviction came
No mother's heart responded to the name ;
Yet in the absence of all else to stir
Affection's flame within—she loved even her !
And then *indeed* does misery reach the heart
When 'tis the hand we love that points the dart.
That pang passed by at length—she ceased to love,
And looked for consolation from above !

But youth, and youth's quick feelings, cling to earth,
To human fellowship in woe or mirth ;
And, sad recoiling—that support unfound—
Trail all their flexile tendrils on the ground.
'Tis *time alone* can teach to fix on high,
And bear immortal fruitage for the sky !

And those high gifts—kind Nature's lavish crown,
Who heeds not fate's decree, or fortune's frown,
But all impartially her bounty sheds
On the world's outcasts as on kingly heads :
Were they not crushed beneath that weight of woe ?
Ah ! well they might—and yet, it was not so !

As from the stricken flint the fire is sent—
As the bruised herb gives forth the sweetest scent—
As from the blackest cloud the lightnings burst—
As Earth most richly teems when deepest pierced :
Thus Genius, thwarted—trampled on—opprest—
Most vigorous springs, and flourishes the best.
True, though to native life and ardour linked,
It long may lie inert though not extinct :
Its high aspirings be entombed—not dead—
Till all ambition's early glow is fled :
Yet gathering, there, accumulated strength,
It yet shall burst to late-found force at length ;
The mountain o'er the struggling Titan hurled
Heaved to volcanic life—and shook the world !

Her hour had not yet come—and till it did,
E'en from herself her lofty powers lay hid ;
For little recked she of the childish strain
That, sadly pleasing, soothed her secret pain.
She, like the insect artist of the leaves,
Which its own silken mausoleum weaves,
Coiled in self-thought, and shrunk from every eye,
Wished but to weave herself a tomb—and die !
Unconscious as that insect that the line
Spun from her heart 'mid palaces might shine.

Yet to her hidden treasure oft she stole,
And poured unseen the anguish of her soul.
In lays like these"—he gave them as he spoke—
While yet a child, her embryo talent woke;
And thus her love of Nature—and her grief
'Twas all she *had* to love—first sought relief.

SONG OF THE STEP-CHILD.

'Tis morn—and fair Nature, all blushing and bright,
Bows down from her throne to the monarch of day;
But sorrow like mine veils her eyes from the sight,
And turns, in her mantle of sackcloth, away.

'Tis noon—and the warm face of Nature is fanned
By the breeze—while bright beams ope the buds on
the stem,—
I too have affections that long to expand,
But the warm beams of kindness are wanting to
them!

'Tis eve—and her parched lip is drinking the dew
That comes like soft tears to her timely relief;
But hope not, sad mourner, such tears are for you—
That dew of the heart is denied to your grief!

'Tis night—and fair Nature has folded her veil,
And lulled on her bosom her offspring to rest.
I, only, am left 'mid the darkness to wail,
My eyelids unsealed, and my pillow unprest.

Oh Nature ! I ask not the bright morn of hope,
Nor the noontide of joy to descend upon me.
No ! darker and calmer, Ambition, thy scope,
E'en the tears of the eve are too precious for me.

I ask but the darkness and stillness of night ;
The repose e'en the wretched may hope to obtain ;
That sleep whence till roused to celestial light
The mourner that wins it shall wake not again.

And well for her could Apathy have shed,
In life or death, its poppies on her head !
But every feeling, forcefully repress,
Lay dormant, not extinguished, in her breast ;
And when from that deep trance they woke at length,
'Twas to acuter life and keener strength.

When she who bartered love for pomp and pow'r
Revoked her early vows, in evil hour,
He whom she loved forsook his native land,
And died forgotten on a foreign strand.
One scion only of his race remained,
And well in after years its fame sustained ;
A brother—then a boy—but even then
Of higher promise than the herd of men.
As sternest hearts still harbour some green spot
Where human feelings are not all forgot,
She who had loved his brother, still retained
Regard for all that of his race remained.

For him the flashing of her coal-black eye
Grew dim with tears that told of times gone by ;
For him the sternness of her stately mien
Changed to maternal tenderness was seen ;
Though left with none to guide or to control,
His was a noble though untutored soul ;
He loved the hapless orphan of the heart,
In all her sorrows took a brother's part ;
For her he felt—for her in secret mourned—
For her he soothed the tyranny he scorned ;
And lightened oft the galling of her chain
By sharing, and by *showing* that he shared, her pain.

But if for *her* fraternal love he felt,
With what deep feelings did *her* lone heart melt !
A heart like hers that could not tamely feel—
Too fraught, for peace, with deep enthusiast zeal.
All love, with her grew passion—still but deep,
Like stream repress by banks abrupt and steep.
The feelings that through thousand channels flow
On every precious tie that binds, below ;
The thousand links, in one bright chain that blend.—
A chain of love—child, parent, brethren, friend,
Repressed and spurned where first they would have
 twined,
For him their gathered energies combined.

Her father—'tis the custom of the land—
In very childhood had betrothed her hand ;
But Fate, whate'er the trials she prepared,
That worst—an ill-assorted union—spared.

Her destined bridegroom died, and then—then first—
Fond flattering hopes Aurelia's bosom nursed.
Hopes doomed to perish like the meteor-ray
That lights the starless wanderer on his way ;
For the pure flame with which her bosom burned
Glowed unperceived, alas ! or unreturned.

'Tis said, compassion melts the soul to love ;
Fallacious oft, in life, such maxims prove.
In youth at least, whose bent is to aspire,
We love not what we *pity*, but *admire*.
For youth looks ever upward—charmed alone
With the light heart that answers to its own.
The eye that dwells for ever on the earth,
Whose very smile has more of woe than mirth ;
The lip whose low and melancholy tone
Has learnt the eloquence of grief alone,
For youth's elastic soul have little charm,
May melt to pity, not to passion warm :
And thus to this ill-fated one it proved,
With him so deeply and so long beloved.

With manhood's opening dawn ambition came ;
He sought the field of peril and of fame.
Her heart went with him, in its love and pride,
Safe he returned ; and, smiling, led his bride !

How felt she *then* ?—was *that* of the untold ?
Remain it so !—dark secrets rest unrolled !
Cherished, though sad ! like jewels set apart,
Whose casket is the agonising heart ;

PART III

"Miser, chi speme in cosa mortal pone
Ma, chi non ve la pone?"—PETRARCH.

"When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name."—YOUNG.

Years, when I first beheld her, had passed on,
And all who scourged or soothed her youth were
gone;

And she had shared her fortune and her fate
With one of high distinction in the state;
One whom in heart and mind the general voice
Deemed not unworthy ev'n Aurelia's choice.
Long had he loved—and won for his reward
A kind and true but passionless regard.
Ordained where first she loved to love in vain
She shunned alike the pleasure and the pain;
Not less intensely still her feelings glowed,
Though in a different channel now they flowed.
Her heart was all her child's—on that young head
Its gathered hoard of tenderness was shed.
And well that head, that heart, deserved her care,
That mind—that form—so exquisitely fair!

Lady, I've sojourned in thine isle and seen
Charms which might well proclaim her beauty's
queen;

Culled from each clime—the dark—the fair—the
brown—

She twines the varied wreath that forms her crown ;
To other realms each separate style may fall—
Hers the proud boast to blend and mingle all.

Ah ! yet my heart responds to many an eye
Whose beams of beauty woke the passing sigh.
The dulcet blue, that like an April day
Now beams with smiles—now melts in tears away.
The pensive grey, with sleepy half-shut lid
Which wounds the deeper that the dart is hid ;
The piercing black, which love's whole quiver arms,
And the soft hazel, mingling all their charms.
These, linked with mental graces many a store
For which in vain we Southern lands explore,
In sweet pre-eminence attractive shine
And shed on Albion's maids a charm divine.

Yet might the charms of this enchanting maid
Teach e'en that bright and blushing wreath to fade ;
Or if, for once, I deemed them *there* excelled
'Twas that my eyes were, like my fancy, spelled !
Nursed in the lap of love, the virgin grew,
All bright to thought, and beautiful to view.
She seemed, on that fond mother as she smiled,
To fancy's eye less like her earthly child,
Than some bright emanation of her mind,
For earth too pure—too perfect—too refined.
Some fair idea which her soul had formed,
E'en like the statue into being warmed,

Sent upon earth to soothe her secret care,
And breathed to life in answer to her prayer !

Deep was her love—yet was it not displayed
In torturing watchfulness, or vain parade.
The stream of true affection, deep but still,
Flows like the life-blood's calm and noiseless rill—
It is the life-blood to a loving heart,
And of its very essence forms a part !

And how returned she that enlightened love ?
E'en like the guardianship of saints above !
With such adoring confidence—such *heart*—
Cold duty in the feeling claimed no part ;
Such eager zeal—sole test of true regard—
To be what *she* desired—her best reward !
Not hers a soul indulgence could debase—
A soul yet more celestial than her face.
Base is the nature—arid is the soil—
Which love can harden—liberty can spoil.
In that fond breast she nestled like a dove,
And knew no law, except the law of love !
Hers not the force that marked Aurelia's mind,
The mingled strength and softness there combined ;
She was *all* woman—graceful, airy, gay—
A sunbeam circled by transparent clay !
Her thoughts flew o'er the surfaces of things
As light and fleetly as the zephyr's wings ;
Like *them* they flew—as sportive and as fast—
Like them, they gathered fragrance as they passed !

That very difference drew more close the bond
That to a loftier mind bade hers respond ;
And as to youth's enchanting prime she sprung,
And votive offerings at her feet were flung,
She turned from all that would have torn apart,
To clasp that feeling closer to her heart.
'Twas for her mother's sake, and not her own,
She prized the incense on her altar thrown.
Less light her footstep glided in the dance,
When unpursued by that fond mother's glance ;
And music's melting tones seemed poured in vain,
Unless *that* mother listened to the strain.
What marvel, then, that she by her was prized
As earth's frail gifts should ne'er be idolised ?
Alas ! that fond idolatry of heart
Still finds the reed it leaned on prove a dart !
And if indeed it be a crime to love
On earth below, though not in heaven above,
More than all other sins on this side time,
The punishment accompanies the crime !
Spare, ye stern hearts, your needless censures spare ;
Its punishment is more than it can bear !

Fate, if she e'er present a thornless rose,
Grows jealous of the bliss which she bestows.
And soon o'er this fair flower she shed her frost,
Too dearly loved—loved *therefore* to be lost !
Thus all accomplished, as if heaven and earth
Had met to shower their blessings on her birth—
Her parents' happiness, her sex's pride—
Thou may'st anticipate th' event—she died !

Celestial beauty and transcendant worth
Here rest not long, *their* home is not of earth.
Souls dark with sin, and bodies formed to fear,
'Mid fallen natures find a fitting sphere.

The mother lived—if *that* can life be called,
Where death delays to come, as if appalled.
She lived—if *that* be life, whose every breath
Is but a sigh, a deep-drawn sigh, for death ;
If it be life to drag the load of clay
When the Promethean spark has passed away ;
To feel the dull pulsation fill the vein,
When every pulse-beat echoes but a pain ;
If it be life to live when all is gone
That made life dear—all blessings bound in one.
No more of this ! To those who've felt in vain,
Why rouse the spectre of departed pain ?
To those who have not felt, and cannot feel,
Why the dark charnel-house of woe reveal ?
Sleep, ye sad secrets ! in your gloomy cell,
Where youth treads light, nor heeds the passing knell !
The knell that speaks to each light footstep past
“ Glide on, gay youth—thy turn will come at last ! ”
Her grief was silent,—why should vain complaint
Give words to woe which words can never paint ?
Alas ! the silent grief is not the dull—
The stream least murmurs when the tide is full.
On the long catalogue of human ills
The lightest glance all selfish murmuring stills :
And sense and reason well might silence preach
Did Heaven's high will no holier motive teach.

She knew that there existed depths of grief
To which a woe like hers might seem relief ;
But false they judge, who judge by outward show,
Of inward pain by weight of outward woe ;
A thousand shocks one heart will hardly stun,
Another feels a thousand shocks in one !
Her grief was silent—why should Sorrow speak,
Why the vain aid of irksome pity seek ?
Be Pity's hand stretch'd forth where it can *heal*,
To Famine's call, or Poverty's appeal ;
To snap the chain of Slavery—and to pour
In friendless Merit's lap the golden store ;
But where the riches of the *heart* are gone,
The truest Pity sighs—and passes on.
Grieves for the grief indeed it cannot cure,
'Tis Heaven who sent, must teach it to endure !

Happier in youth—her heart had stood the shock—
It is the ceaseless wave that wears the rock ;
And leaves it strengthless to the coming storm,
All sapped within—ere sinks the outward form.

But calmer thoughts and higher hopes at length
Revived some portion of her mental strength ;
She fled for peace where peace alone is found,
And learn'd the hand could heal that erst could wound ;
Nor long denied it the desired repose
That wished oblivion over suffering throws :
These the last strains that murmured from her lyre
Ere sunk the poet's in the seraph's fire :

“ Lyre that didst murmur first my early woes,
Resound, thou broken lyre ! their dying close.
Take their last tones—but proffer not relief !
The harps of Angels could not soothe my grief.
To higher harmonies than theirs or thine
Henceforth my stricken feelings I resign.
Yet murmur forth thine own low parting knell,
And then—sweet soother of my soul—farewell !
Thy heart-strings broke with mine ;—in silence deep
Low let them lie—for ever let them sleep !
Oft have their warblings lulled a lighter care,
They break beneath the clench’d hand of Despair !
Go, slumber in the grave—of her—the blest !
But shall I then repine that *she* has rest ?
Ah, no ! belov’d one—’tis a selfish grief
That mourns a lot so blissful and so brief ;
A lot that snatched the rose of life alone,
And drank the early dew ere yet ’twas flown.
Thou shalt not clasp an angel to thy heart,
To be by fate’s stern mandate torn apart ;
Thou shalt not feel the touch of time and pain—
Thou shalt not love—even *thou* mightst love in vain !

“ Yet mourn I still,—ah ! can I cease to mourn—
From hope’s last bud—from life’s last treasure torn ?
And did I build once more a bower of rest ?
Did I, for *thy* sake, *venture* to be blest ?
Weaved I for thee the fragile web again
With which hope hides the hideous forms of pain ?
I weaved the silvery threads for thy dear sake,
And trusted that for *thee* they would not break !

Hoped, though myself no more might bliss allure,
For thee the shining phantom to secure ;
In thee, sweet child, a dearer self to see—
A brighter better life to live in thee !
Oh fool ! (so oft forewarned) to build again
On the smooth bosom of the treacherous main,
And deem the halcyon calm that rocked its breast
The soothing omen of perpetual rest !
Nor see how soon the brooding storm would wake
And from its hold the baseless fabric shake !
How strange—unlessoned still by all the past—
To hug the vain delusion to the last !
To dream of lasting joy how passing strange
Where nought endures but never-ending change !

“ O Thou ! our baffled search so far above
That Thou art awful even in Thy love—
Who gav’st me blessings even to excess
But gav’st to *one* alone the *power* to bless—
Was it in love—I fain would think it such—
The gift was taken that I prized too much ?
Must ever, thus, each idol of the heart
Or ne’er be won, or won but to depart ?
Must earthly pleasure in its purest form
Be still the brooding harbinger of storm ?
Must all hope’s fondest yearnings baffled be ?
All love be sin, that centres not in Thee ?

“ To other states of being—other spheres—
Points the deep moral of our hopes and fears.
What ! shall we never learn that *real* bliss
Is but a name—an empty name—in this ?

River of life ! by thy pure stream alone
The fruit is found, though here the seed be sown.
There, in a brighter clime and warmer ray,
It bears rich harvest to eternal day ;
Here it eludes our touch and mocks our trust—
A dead-sea fruit that crumbles into dust !

“ Oh pardon Thou who only canst supply
The void with which our aching bosoms sigh—
Thou who alone canst slake the ceaseless thirst
By each unsated heart in secret nurst—
Pardon that e'er from Thee my thoughts have strayed—
That thus, thus long, my hopes have chased a shade !
Oh ! teach me now to fix them far above `
The dim but cherished mists of earthly love ;
Mists which we take for sunshine—till we feel
The real orb they serve but to conceal ;
And even then—bound down by bonds of clay—
Turn, dazzled, from its piercing beam away !

“ Source of all bliss ! enlarge my mental view—
All else is false—Thou giv'st—Thou *art* the true !
Purged by Thy beam, henceforth my purer sight
No more mistakes illumined clouds for light.
Teach me with eagle glance to gaze on high
Where suns material vanish from the sky—
Where God alone is light—and other rays
Are lost and drowned in that absorbing blaze ;
Yet lost but as the river in the sea—
To swell th' eternal tide to which they flee.
Created lights to one grand point converged—
In glory's uncreated focus merged !

“Teach me, transcendant Power, whom I adore,
To serve Thee better, as to know Thee more !
And oh ! if frailty and if dust may dare
To lift to vast Omnipotence the prayer,
Not in this fallen sphere—this wandering star—
Where scarce Thy rays can reach us from afar ;
Not dimly traced, as in Thy works revealed,
And when most sought, still seeming most concealed ;
But in those realms untrod by mortal feet,
Where souls celestial circle round Thy seat—
Where all unshadowed is Thy glory shown—
Where even as Thou knowest Thou art known—
In light itself, where darkness disappears,
And time is swallowed in eternal years !
There let me serve Thee ! *She*, too, will be there,
Where all that *is*, like *her*, is passing fair !
There let me *love*, where love no sorrow fears ;
There let me *know*, where Truth unveiled appears !
Darkly I sought Thee in my dungeon clay ;
There shall I see Thee by Thine own pure ray ;
Each doubt, each dread, that dimmed my mortal sight,
Dissolved in visions of celestial light.
There let me serve Thee ! there resound Thy praise
To harps of heaven, in heav'n-exalted lays ;
Though all unequal still the homage seem,
Nor then—even then—be worthy of their theme !”



MISCELLANEOUS.

APOLOGIES FOR AUTHORSHIP.

AN EPISTLE TO A BROTHER.

MUCH have I mused on what was said by you
When last we met—and feared to find it true:—
“Tis vain to hope, in these degenerate days,
A nameless bard can win the meed of praise;
Vain even to think that aught can yet remain
To say or sing, except in hackneyed strain.
The very source of verse is running dry,
And nought but shallow draughts can now supply.
Nature herself is spent—her ample field
Rich mental harvests will no longer yield;
Tired, she reclines, and her o’erlaboured soil
Scarce gives a scanty gleaning to our toil.”

Such are your fears—nor singular, I grant;
For such is now the universal cant.
Oft has it weighed full heavy on my mind,
And yet methinks an answer we may find.

Ye who thus meanly think of Nature’s powers,
Cast your eyes round, and mark this isle of ours;
A thousand years have seen your native earth
Pour forth her products, fearless of a dearth;

Ten thousand thousand mouths are daily fed,
And none have taxed her yet with lack of bread.
Still Spring puts forth the green and tender shoot,
Still Autumn fills our garners with her fruit ;
And, trust me, mind and matter *even* stand—
Neither need fear a famine in the land.

How few materials form the face of man !
Nose, mouth, eyes, chin, the same since time began ;
Yet when did e'er our wondering vision strike
Two faces that were perfectly alike ?
Through those few features does not Nature range
Through every mode and modicum of change ?
From ape-like ugliness, to forms that seem
Less of earth's mould than what of heaven's we dream ?
In *mind's* immortal essence shall we trace
Less difference, then, than in the form or face ?
Mind, stamped with God's own image, and ordained
High to out-soar the dust to which 'tis chained—
When back to earth its earthly garb is flung
To seek the Omniscient source from whence it sprung,
And scan its countless works through endless time,
Vast as its theme, and as its source sublime !

Nor deem that in its prison-house of earth,
It bears few traces of its glorious birth ;
Nor meanly seek to fetter it below,
Or say, even here, " No farther shalt thou go !"
Who dare to set a limit to the mind
Degrade their Maker, and debase their kind.

The sum is this—in intellect or face
A casual likeness we may sometimes trace ;

At times a line, a thought, may coincide,
And yet the general difference be wide.
Though various are the roads which lead to fame,
Where thousands travel, some *must* take the same ;
To his own steps let each attention pay,
And none need fear to jostle on the way.
If now acquitted on the charge of "*trite*,"
You yet should ask to what good *end* I write ;
To none, I own, if glory or if gains
Alone can recompense poetic pains ;
But does not then the soul-enraptured bard
Find in those very pains a rich reward ?
Need *you* be told, who angle, hunt, and shoot,
That half the pleasure lies in the pursuit ?
The game once bagged, I've seen you scarcely care,
Save for the boast, your burden home to bear.
'Tis not that wealth or honour I *despise*,
Who run the race *must* wish to win the prize.
But mean the mortal who, because denied
The selfish ends of avarice or of pride,
Deserts the path by Nature pointed out,
Nor breathes but in the rabble's idle shout.
I play for pleasure, though I lose my stake,
And woo the Muses for their own sweet sake.

Pride sometimes whispers, "You could write as well
As Mrs. Hemans, or as L. E. L."
Praise, too,—or flattery, if it *must* be so—
Oft raises Pride's thermometer when low ;
But neither Praise nor Pride will print a book,
Nor get the public on its leaves to look.

Vainly ye soothe, sweet harbingers of fame !
 Who ever bought—a bard without a *name* ?
 A *name* !—ay, there's the rub—of that possest,
 Give him but *that*, a dunce may do the rest !
 Why cannot bards that legacy bequeath,
 And leave their name when they resign their wreath ?
 Elijah-like, their mantle cast on earth,
 And rise in phoenix-fires to second birth ?
 For lack of *that* (at least I'll fancy so)
 In yonder desk my Muse lies buried low.
 Year after year the luckless rhymes repose—
 Oh that their long, long quarantine would close !
 For though content to try a short probation,
 I do not wish it to be quite *Horatian* ! *

With leaves of laurel Cæsar bound his brows,
 To hide advancing age's tell-tale snows ; †
 And still the plant o'er baldness loves to play,
 Nor binds the temples till the locks are grey !

Perhaps, in life neglected or unknown,
 A former bard's sad fate ‡ may be my own ;

* Alluding to Horace's well-known advice to authors, to keep their works nine years in their desks, before they give them to the world.

† This has been assigned as the true origin of the wreath which has since become synonymous with glory.

‡ “ Collins—ill-starred name !
 Whose lays' requital was, that tardy fame
 Who bound no laurel round his living head,
 Should hang it o'er his monument when dead.”

SIR W. SCOTT.

For thirty years his “ Ode on the Passions,” one of the finest—if not the very finest—in the language, and celebrated now as it deserves, remained unnoticed and unknown.

When I've been dust for thirty years or more,
Some critic may the mouldering leaves explore,
And having then no cause to hate or dread
"Neglected genius numbered with the dead !!"
May urge the *then* world to reverse my doom,
And idly heap its honours on my tomb !

But why, sweet Poesy, should I complain
That wealth and glory come not in thy train ?
The wreath of fame—the purse of sordid pelf—
To others give !—*my* treasure is *thyself* !
Shall I not own it, who through many a day
Of silent grief, have felt and blessed thy sway ?
Who from the earliest and most infant hour
That memory registers have owned thy power ?
Friend of my youth ! still, still, in riper years,
My footsteps follow through this vale of tears ;
With loftier themes maturer thoughts inspire,
Warm frozen age with thy reviving fire ;
Nor quit me then ; but surer comfort shed
Than erst on Adrian's, round my dying bed.*
I would not wish to breathe beyond the hour,
When I shall cease to feel thy sacred power !

'Tis true that I have bowed at lucre's shrine,†
Nor would "maturer thoughts" revoke the line.

* The Emperor Adrian's address to his departing spirit is well known, and has been beautifully imitated by Pope in his "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame."

† In an "Ode to Wealth," written "before I had escaped from my teens."

No ! next to Heaven's best boon, delightful health,
As joy's chief corner-stone I value wealth : †
But blest with competence—just clothed and fed,
I need not coin my brains for daily bread ;
And for aught else that Fortune hath denied,
I fear by Fame 'twill never be supplied.

Nor yet, alas ! to make my Muse amends,
Her day-dreams win the sanction of my friends.*
Alas, good folks ! let Nature take her course—
You cannot turn the stream back to its source.
Had fate, indeed, ordained that I should wed,
And Hymen singed the laurel from my head,
Why then, my friends, I'd shown you what a *Blue*
In such predicament could learn to do ;
And, taught by my example, you should see
The hand that wields a pen, could turn a key.
Then had you seen me teach the soup to thicken,
And sign death-warrants for each hapless chicken ;
Big with important nothings, strut about,
To please some sportsman spouse, or country lout ;
His dinner cook—and eke his stockings darn—
Of daintiest dishes—with enduring yarn !
And when at length he yielded to the fates,
And broke his neck in leaping five-barred gates,
With tender epitaph I'd grace his bier,
A pompous tomb and (if I could) a tear !
All this, and more, I *would* do, if required,
Meantime, permit me still—to be inspired ;

* Too truly aware what an unprofitable calling !

† Wealth honestly acquired—that merit earns,
Or Heaven bestows,—all else my bosom spurns.

And till such sublunary swain shall follow,
At least allow me—to espouse Apollo!

“But if the Muse won’t pay her board, why harbour
her?”

“My Mother had a maid called Barbara,”
Said Desdemona—and when sorrow wrung
Nought could she say but what this maid had sung.
As Shakespeare quotes a girl of low degree,
A like example may suffice for me.
My aunt, then, had a pretty maid called Bella,
Who fell in love with a most reckless fellow.
Much did her mistress marvel when she heard
Of her strange fancy and her plighted word;
And as she liked the girl, and wished her well,
She straight resolved to catechise poor Bell.

Of logic nought knew Bell—but much of love;
Both which assertions I proceed to prove.

Thus quoth the dame—“I hear you mean to marry—
Methinks ’twere more discreet awhile to tarry.”
The damsel blushed—and bashful hung her head;
“I cannot help it”—that was all she said.
“The man’s a spendthrift, and a sot beside,
“Think what a dismal doom awaits his bride.”
Poor Bell turned pale—a tear was in her eye,
But still “I cannot help it” was her cry.
“Why, girl, you must be mad,” the mistress cried—
“I cannot, cannot help it”—she replied.

Now put the Muse for *him*, the maid for *me*,
And 'tis precisely my case that you see ;
So, if I scribble to no earthly use,
“ I cannot help it ! ” must be *my* excuse.

Unasked—unsought—to me the Muses came :
I wished to bask in, not imbibe, the flame.
And though I bowed where'er their footsteps be—
Nor dreamed nor hoped they would descend to me.
Not Horace could the medium more detest ;
“ *Non homines non Dî*—you know the rest.”
Could *I* then dream of glory or of gain
Who even that medium hoped not to attain ?
And thus, if taxed with verse, though e'en in joke,
I blushed as if the decalogue I'd broke.
Those days of bashfulness have long been past,
For struggling nature triumphed at the last ;
And having crossed the Rubicon of rhyme,
I'll e'en go on—and trust the rest to time !

Not less *that* river seeks its parent sea
Which, hid by shades, glides calmly o'er the lea,
Than that which rushing from th' impending rock,
Stuns the wide earth, which startles to the shock.
Nor less, if worthy found, *my* future name
Might swell the ocean of eternal fame
Than those now hailed by loud-applauding lands,
And taught by Fame to flow o'er *golden* sands.

These may be dreams—but not to me a dream
The real bliss of basking in thy beam,

Sun of the soul! whose intellectual ray
Cheers the dark thought, as Phœbus cheers the day.
Forsake me not, sweet Poesy! since I
From all my cares to thee for refuge fly.
Still, still to thee, my heart of hearts I'll give,
Nor cease to love thee, though I cease to live;
Since not to earth alone thy strains belong,
But heaven itself is one celestial song!

ÆTAT 28.



A REVIEW OF THE REVIEWERS,
INCLUDING THE
APOTHEOSIS OF MEDIOCRITY.

(A LETTER TO A FRIEND.)*

"Proceed, my child, nor heed their farther call—
He strives in vain who strives to please them all."
Fable of "The old man, the boy, and the ass."

KATE! though these letters I address to thee—
Though their most precious boon thy praise will be—
I would that other eyes should o'er them glance,
Though *critic* optics look on them askance,
And none but thine, dear partial friend, may deign
A smile or tear to consecrate the strain.
I would, methinks, that all the world should know
How much to friendship and to thee I owe.
If *my* name live, thine, thine shall be entwined
With every trace and relic of my mind;
If doomed to perish in its early growth,
Oblivion's waves at least shall overwhelm us both.

* This letter was occasioned by the curious contradictory critiques, which appeared in some of the Reviews and Magazines, on a small volume of early poems published anonymously.

It is only fair to add, that others, which I saw afterwards, gave them undivided praise, and higher perhaps than they merited.

If *my* name live ! alas, too partial friend !
 By other steps to fame must thou ascend ;
 If *my* name live ! the thought's a perfect farce,
 Already it has got its *coup de grace* ;
 Already press'd to death my hapless Muse
 By the *peine forte et dure* of the Reviews !

Pope says—I used to read him when a child—
 Aught in the shape of verses then beguiled—
 Though now, I understand, he is denounced—
 Like *me*—poor wight ! *no poet* he's pronounced ;
 ('Tis pleasant, if impaled one *is* to be,
 To meet one's fate in decent company !)—
 Pope says, in some old criticising saws,
 Which passed in those days and obtained applause,
 “ Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to know,
 “ Make use of every friend—and every foe.”
 I bore his modest maxim in my mind,
 Well knowing, even then, self-love was blind ;
 And, having found a friend's advice of use,
 Thought even a foe's some profit might produce ;
 Resolved, since censures *must* be, I would try,
 At all events, to benefit thereby.
 But soon I found their judgments were so various,
 My hopes of benefit were most precarious :
 For *one* no sooner had a stroke inflicted,
 Than by another straight 'twas contradicted.
 And now to mind, my motto they recall—
 “ Vain his attempt who strives to please them all.”

I name no names—I do not deem it right ;
 Besides, upon the whole, they've been polite ;

And if my Muse is all they've represented
In troth she has good cause to be contented.
They all give some degree of commendation—
And as for finding fault—'tis their vocation !
They have not cut my lays completely up,
But mixed some drops of honey in the cup ;
Though, somehow, the proportion was so small
It gave a bitterer flavour to the gall.
When first I wrote those lays—I then was young—
Such blame-like praise my very soul had wrung ;
But now, instead of flinching I but smile,
Where erst a tear the torture might beguile ;
And deem it but a theme for witticism
When under the dissecting-knife of criticism.

Well ! there's some comfort ev'n in growing older,
It makes one grow so callous—so much bolder—
So comfortably calm—so apathetic—
More philosophical, as less poetic !

My critics go upon a novel ground ;
The fault they find—*no fault is to be found*.^{*}
To *one* indeed, my Muse, of better spirit,
Who deems not error and defect a merit,
To one who thinks not " faultlessness " a fault,
Nor blames the rhymes because they *do not* halt,
You owe a thousand thanks most dutiful—
He bravely dares pronounce you "*beautiful* "—
Yet, as the slave behind the conqueror's car,
When glory hailed him from triumphant war,

^{*} " It has neither the passion, the beauties, nor the faults of *renius*."

Still cried (lest praise or pride should overpower
 The dazzled idol of the short-lived hour)
 "Remember thou art mortal!"—with like fear
 My eulogist soft whispers in my ear,
 Lest flattery's dose should prove too thick and slab *
 "Our author evidently copies Crabbe."
 A bitter drop, though, *that*, in flattery's ration,
 For no man e'er was great by imitation.†
 And mine was most unconscious;—be it so!
 'Twas meant for compliment—so let it go;
 And since he "evidently" thinks it praise,
 I thank him—on behalf of my poor lays.
 Not so the next—he treats my Muse with rigour,
 She has no power or spirit, warmth or vigour.
 While lo! a fourth, in deprecating fashion,
 Shrinks from her "racking agony of passion,"
 Vows that her mark she sadly overreaches,
 And raves and rants in "most unnatural speeches."‡
 How shall she please you all—unhappy elf?
 Muse, lay this critic nonsense on the shelf,
 And strive no more to please—except thyself!

But come! for *your* amusement we'll proceed,
 And wipe old charges off, ere new succeed.
 To those who deem too desperate the lay,
 I draw from *nature*—more I need not say.

* "Make the gruel thick and slab."—*Macbeth*, Act 4 sc. 1.

† A saying of Dr. Johnson's—and a very just one.

‡ "The author, in his endeavours to be pathetic, overreaches his mark, and puts most unnatural speeches into the mouths of his heroes and heroines."

Feelings are feelings still, howe'er repress,
And hearts will ache beneath th' embroidered vest.

And now for those who vote the lay too tame,
Who doat on racks and tortures, fire and flame ;
Reflect that nature is as soon transgressed
By feelings overdrawn, as unexpressed.
The deepest passions a dark veil surrounds,
They rage within, but rarely break their bounds.
'Tis true, indeed, the self-same feelings work
In Jew and Greek, Idolator and Turk ;
But modified in every different race
By age, and sex, and rank, and time, and place.
Who dates his lay three thousand years ago,
May make his rage outrageous—outweep woe :
None can gainsay him if it was not so.
Who draws a modern portrait, I presume,
Gives with the face and figure the costume.
Young modest ladies do not rant and tear
Nor beat their breasts, nor rend their flowing hair ;
Ev'n soldiers, now, have ceased—thank heaven ! to
swear.

'Tis true we seldom meet with downright stoics
But seldomer still, hysterics and heroics.
These ought to be reserved for great occasions,
Else they exceed belief and weary patience ;
Old Shakespeare, who was versed in all such matters,
Said—" Do not tear a passion into tatters."
Return, my Muse ! for more must thou endure
From the keen peltings of this last Reviewer ;

Like driving hail they fall, or arrowy sleet,
 Nor only break thy head, but bruise thy *feet*.
 "Then such false rhymes;—instance *alarm* and *calm*,
 "'Twould really give the coarsest ear a qualm."
 This critic must be a Northumbrian, sure,
 And *burrs* the hapless *r* he can't endure;
 For in no other way that I can guess
 His ear could undergo such dire distress.*
 While marvelling these poor rhymes should so
 displease,
 Another kindly sets my heart at ease;
 Giving (with quantum suff. of condemnation)
 One praise at least—"correct versification."
 A puny praise, indeed, but something still,
 Since even in *that* my foes deny my skill.
 In one—th' applause of "moving tale" we find,
 "Sweet verse" — "much talent" — "cultivated
 mind"—
 "But though these [trifling] merits we just mention,
 "To *poetry* it can have no pretension."

"Enough!"—to Imlac said the wandering Prince
 (Johnson at least has said so, *for him*, since),
 "Thou hast convinced me that no mortal man
 "Has e'er a poet been—or ever can!" †
 In troth, sweet Sirs, I'm of the same opinion
 As that sage prince—the witty Abyssinian.

* The *r* not being sounded in *alarm*, *charm*, &c., they rhyme with *calm* to the ear, if not to the eye; though it is better perhaps avoided.

† See *Rasselas*, ch. 10-11.

Ah ! launch no more, mistaken Muse, thy skiff,
If (mark my modesty—I say but *if*)
Endowed with all the requisites they mention,
To poetry you boast of no pretension ! ! !

I always strove my self-love not to flatter,
And though I wrote an “ Allegro ” and Satire
I never cherished even a passing hope
A Milton to be deemed—or *even* a Pope !
And yet I doubt not these great heirs of fame,
Had they lived now, had just been served the same ;
And all the hapless first-born of their Muse
Had perished in the Plague of the Reviews.
Old Chaucer’s tales (like mine !) had felt their rage,
And Shakespeare’s witches been hissed off the stage.
Homer, with all his gods, been put to shame,
And Milton’s devils consigned to mundane flame.
’Tis no small comfort to *us men of letters*
To think we’re only treated like our betters !

Now for the next cut ! lightly does it fall ?
Ah no ! “ ’tis the unkindest cut of all ; ”
He finds me—cruellest of critics, he—
Guilty, dull Mediocrity, of thee ! *
Is this the end of all my pains and pathos ?
I’d rather be accused of downright *bathos* !
Ye powers that launch the Muse’s fragile barge,
Preserve me from the chillifying charge !

* N.B. By “mediocrity” it is to be understood that Reviewers always mean prosing, stupidity, and dulness.

Oh ! thou dull foe to fiction as to truth,
How hast thou been my horror from my youth !
How, like a spectre, I have fled from thee !
And hast thou found me, oh mine enemy ?
But what avails my anger or my woe ?
The captive should conciliate the foe.
Come, let me try to raise my humbled head,
And gaze on the Medusa whom I dread.
Is this the gorgon face I feared erewhile ?
The stony features soften to a smile !
Can this be all ? 'Tis no such monster, sure,
But something miss-like, modest, and demure.
I charge thee, Muse, since thou must bow to fate,
Be gracious to thy most unmeaning mate,
And calm thine angry brow, and *lower* thy lays,
To celebrate her soft insipid praise.

Come, Mediocrity, sweet harmless maid !
In muslin frock and satin sash arrayed.
Since doomed thy milk-and-water charms to wed,
I'll strive some lustre on thy name to shed.
Come, with thy mincing gait, and aspect bland,
And hold my pen with thy soft velvet hand ;
And guide my Muse's feet—but not too *feetly*—
And sing—but have a care 'tis not too sweetly.
If you would win the critic's wished applause,
Boldly infringe and set at nought his laws ;
Leave a few flaring errors in the line,
He'll swear that, *but for that*, 'tis quite divine.
Where mists perpetual dim the mental sight,
The weakest beam appears a blaze of light !

List, gentle reader ! whosoe'er you be ;
List, list, to Mediocrity and me ;
While in calm strain, on weak Lethean wing,
Her proper merits she attempts to sing.

THE PRAISE OF MEDIOCRITY.

I.

THE stars that grace the galaxy of heaven,
The flowers that earth's maternal breast pours forth ;
Things of celestial mould—and mortal leaven—
All vary in their splendour, beauty, worth.
To each, *degrees* of glory are assigned ;
Each to its proper station is confined.
And *thus*, with human gifts and human powers !
Equality is but an empty name.
Not *all*, with lavish hand, kind nature dowers ;
Not all can claim the loftiest wreath of fame ;
But *one* can be the *first*—but few excel—
Yet they who can't do *best* may yet do *well*.

II.

All stars are not of equal magnitude,
Yet each shines brightly in its proper sphere ;
All flowers, though not with *equal* tints endued,
Yet fair of hue, and sweet of scent appear.

Gold is the metal all men prize and woo,
The best and brightest that the mines produce ;
Yet ill should we dispense with silver, too—
 That also hath its beauty and its use.
Crystals may not be diamonds, yet we find
Those may, like these, be perfect in their kind.

III.

The very globe where Providence hath placed
Doth lesson us to love this happy mean.
On all her laws the middle line is traced,
In all her movements is a medium seen.
While Mercury seeks the Sun, his fires t' absorb,
And revels in his fierce and potent ray ;
While Herschel * heaves his huge expansive orb
At known but unimagined lengths away—
Earth, at due distance 'twixt the two extremes,
Nor shuns, nor madly plunges in, his beams.

IV.

Her days and nights are not stretched out to years,
Nor dwindled to a span of whirling hours ;
Her soil, nor sand nor adamant appears ;
Her climes, nor settled shine, nor ceaseless showers.
Man, too, the planet where he dwells to suit,
Nor crawls a pigmy, nor a giant towers.

* The planet Uranus.

Lower than angels, higher than the brute—

The *medium* marks his mind—his form—his powers.

What word so well can vice and woe express

As *that* we use so oft—the word *excess* ?

V.

The human face is then deemed most divine,

When least it deviates from a rule that's fixed ;

The human mind most gloriously doth shine,

When all its elements are duly mixed.

Distorted feelings, like distorted forms,

Far from alluring, pain us and oppress ;

Outrageous passion chills us more than warms,

Nor worth nor beauty dwells with wild excess.

Extremes of wit to madness are allied *—

Extremes of meanness to extremes of pride.

VI.

Make me, the wise man said, nor rich nor poor,†

Temptation waits upon the steps of both.

One opes to crime and discontent the door—

One, to pride, luxury, selfishness, and sloth.

Since thus the wise, extremes for ever flee—

Since nature's self marks out the middle way—

* So, at least, says Pope, though he is himself a proof that the most brilliant wit may be united to the most sober judgment.

† Prov. xxx. 8, 9.

Blest Medium ! I will bind my heart to thee,
And find a golden age beneath thy sway.
Reign thou o'er all my acts the quiet queen,
And still my motto be—THE GOLDEN MEAN !



Sweet Mediocrity ! how well you sing !
Why, sure, self-love's a most inspiring thing ;
So well your modest merits you have shown,
One scarce would think the picture was your own.
You've really risen *above* your simple self—
I'm quite in love with you, my gentle elf !
Kate ! are you jealous of this fancy new ?
Not so, my friend ! she scarce will rival *you*.
Ah ! no tame medium twines the links that bind
To thee my glowing heart and kindred mind.
Her cold, dull empire o'er my *head* may reign ;
My *heart* disowns her sway, and spurns her chain !

To thee, the patron of her *early* lays,
My Muse shall turn, if blighted be her bays ;
If praise be hers—that praise for aye be shared
With thee, my friend—the *real* friend who dared
With youth's own noble daring, to step forth—
Bold in thine own belief proclaim her worth,
Nor stopped—nor *stooped*—to suffocate her lays
With the wet blanket of a lukewarm praise.

Yes ! *you* could praise when all beside were mute,
Nor thought to cavil was to be acute ;

Nor meanly shunned t' applaud "a sister wit,"
Nor coldly feared your judgment to commit.
Yet not in blindness—where a fault you saw
Still pointed out, and bade me mend the flaw.
Mistaken friend! too tenderly alive
To the keen stings of the critic hive,
You would not that a single fault be seen
Whereon to fix their fangs, and vent their spleen.
Older and wiser, all too well I knew
That merits are held scarce where faults are few.
Be liberal, Bards, of error and neglect
If praise from modern Critics you expect.
Genius is now an alias for defect.

Nor is the prejudice to *them* confined,
But lowers its standard in the public mind.
The praise of *faultless*, while it truth outruns,
But shines to petrify—like polar suns.
We think of something tame, and stiff, and slow;
"Correctly cold, and regularly low,"
And for a few brave errors almost long,
To rouse and animate the sleepy song;
While by a sort of balance in the mind,
Great beauties 'mid great faults we think to find.
'Tis reasoning *ad absurdum*—mere mistake,
But who the force of prejudice can shake?
The flame burns best, most incense where we fling—
The loftiest Muse is longest on the wing;—
But vainly to convince the world you'd strive—
With *them*, who'd highest soar must lowest dive;

A sort of *flying fish* they genius think ;
 Plumed but to perish—soaring but to sink ;
 Long-standing prejudice can ne'er be shaken
 E'en though it prove egregiously mistaken.
 How from the quibbling tribe rejoiced I flee,
 And turn, my Kate—my ever-kind—to thee ;
 On thee reposing with a perfect trust
 My Muse believes thy judgment to be just ; *
 And scorns—in friendship's cheering smile elate,
 The harshest frown upon the brow of fate.
 You've sometimes said—which I believe in part—
 I have a gentle temper and kind heart ;
 I feel it is so—for I would not wrong
 My very critics—ev'n to *point* my song.
 I never, never act on the offensive,
 Am seldom angry, though I'm sometimes pensive.
 This world would be a blest one—well you know—
 Could *my* weak power or wishes make it so.
 The veriest worm that crawls I would not hurt,
 But leave it to enjoy its native dirt ;
 And proudly think itself—if think it can—
 The peer—ay conqueror—of its brother, man !
 But like that worm—when spurned and put to pain,
 I have the way and will—to turn again !

 My gentle critics (hem !) I hope no harm—
 A lady's playful peltings can't alarm ;
 No lack of " faults " can sure perplex ye now—
 Therefore, perchance, some " beauties " you'll allow.

* " Ventures to believe," I should have said in prose, but as there was not room for it in the rhyme, the rhyme must bear the blame of the presumption.

And if I failed before, in point of "passion,"
Your freezing praise has almost served to *hash* one.
Yet more in merriment than wrath, I vow,
I bite the biter;—so ! we're *even* now.

But soft ! in pity to my sister-muse,
Here let me terminate my *re-reviews*.
The rising yawn anticipate in time,
Since with the rage evaporates the rhyme.
Avaunt ! begone ! ye criticising crew,
No more I level my light shafts at you.
My Mediocrity her flag has furled,
And parts in peace—with you and all the world.
But if ye still her "gentle temper" vex,
If thus her understanding ye perplex,
And with your pungent pen and critic art
Aim at her head, and reach through *that* her heart,
The time may come *her* pen may prove the smarter,
And you for once may find—you've *caught a tartar* !



THE SMALL DARK CROSS.

*Written on the First Institution and Presentation of the
ORDER OF VALOUR.*

"As for the badge of the order, it is merely a small dark cross."—*Times*.

"That within which passeth show."—SHAKESPEARE.

I.

GOLDEN "ORDERS" are for kings ;
 Diamonds grace a queenly brow.
 Lo ! a darker metal flings
 Light that pales their lustre now !
 Metal, wrought in honour's mine,
 Henceforth shall their blaze outshine.
 Take them, station ! take them, birth !
 'Tis the WEARER gives the worth
 To THE SMALL DARK CROSS !

II.

Guerdon of a glorious toil,
 What the *legend* that we read ?
 "FOR VALOUR !"—talk of battle spoil—
 That was "PRIZE" indeed !

Theirs its glorious pledge to bear ;
 Theirs to win the meed they wear.
 Those two words have turned to gold
 The simple badge that we behold—
 THE SMALL DARK CROSS !

III.

By a royal hand 'twas fixed
 On the bounding heart below.
Then, methinks, with joy unmixed,
 Human heart for once might glow !
 Glowed the sun with fervent ray,
 As he looked from heaven that day.
 Rarely shines he on such scene—
 A patriot Host—a patriot Queen—
 WHO GAVE—AND TOOK—THAT CROSS !

IV.

Worthy was the boon she chose ; *
 What to her the diamond's blaze ?
 Well its emptiness she knows ;
 Well the worth *that* boon displays.
 In that badge a tale she reads—
 That it tells of mighty deeds—
 That the bounding heart below
 For HER would bleed—for HER doth glow—
 BENEATH THE SMALL DARK CROSS !

* The bronze medal was wrought from the cannon taken from the enemy.

V.

And shall not He—the Lord of Hosts—

In battle mighty, bless the deed ?

Since higher worth each hero boasts,

E'en than gave him Valour's need ?

He who his comrades in the strife

Rescued—risking his own life—

He who a dying foe relieved—

He who a falling flag retrieved—

HE HAS EARNED THE CROSS !

VI.

Let his sons, in after days,

Show the boon and praise their sire.

Sires like these deserve their praise ;

Honour's praise shall ne'er expire.

“ This was won where battle burned ;

This a patriot Queen returned.

Who shall cast our glories down ;

Who the lion—who the crown ?

OR, WHO THE SMALL DARK CROSS ? ”

The above lines, when first printed, were presented to Her Majesty the Queen—and extensively distributed among the gallant Officers and Soldiers who had been invested with the ORDER.



L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO MR. DESANGES, ON HIS "VICTORIA CROSS"
GALLERY OF PAINTINGS,

*With Portraits of the Heroes who have gained the Medal,
engaged in the gallant actions which procured them that
high distinction.*



HONOUR to him who honour pays
To all that's good and great !
He *earns*, while he *bestows*, the bays,
And links with theirs his fate.

He links it to eternal fame
With glory's grateful heirs ;
And latest time shall blend his name
Triumphantly with theirs !

Thrice favoured heroes ! not alone
Your Queen's and country's pride.
High art is proud your claims to own,
And place you at her side.

Thrice favoured Artist ! given to thee
 Immortal life to give ;
 Art's chosen minister to be—
 And in *their* life to live !

Thou too hast earned, unsought, the meed ;
 For thee the Cross shall shine.
 We bid thy glorious task *good speed*—
 A nation's thanks be thine !



COMETIC REVELATIONS

TO A COMMON OBSERVER.

*Written after the departure of "DONATI'S COMET"—the
splendid one of 1858.*

"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee!"—HAMLET.

I.

OH ! whither art thou gone, thou wondrous star ?
To what new system sweeps thy gorgeous train ?
What world beholds thee glitter from afar,
Then nearer draw, thy nature to explain :
Tell half thy tale, and be a problem still,
And baffle science' lore, and chemist's skill !

II.

Wilt thou in very deed return again
When twice ten centuries have fulfilled their round ? *
And will the brightness of thy splendour wane,
Or still unaltered will it then be found ?
Of all thy marvels, strangest must appear
That such light vapour should so long cohere.

* The time calculated for its return.

III.

Three things, methinks, bright Wanderer of the sky—

Three things were writ, e'en in thy transient stay,
With pen of gold, in yon blue book on high—

Read by the light of thy translucent ray !
Things which, before, we fancied or believed,
Now first we know, as facts to be received.

IV.

First—that thy flimsy orb was *tenantless*—

No corporal being could inhabit there ;
Its unsubstantial frame no foot could press—

No lungs, perchance, respire its subtle air.
This till thy near approach we could not learn,
Nor thine extreme tenuity discern.

V.

Next—that no warmth thy lucid orb evolved,

No influence o'er our *weather* it maintained.
Cool as phosphoric gleam, no heat dissolved,
Nor yet cold chilled, or clouds their torrents rained.
All things continued in their usual course ;
No startling change could claim thee for its source.

VI.

Last—if "*collision*" e'er should come to pass,

Not *we* but *thou* would suffer in the fray ;
Thou couldst not dissipate our weightier mass,
Though we thy glittering mist might chase away.
The lightest cloud that ever crossed our sky
Would solid seem, if thy light haze was nigh !

VII.

True, *thou* canst never cross our path again ;
Two thousand years ! oh where shall *we* then be ?
But orbs *like* thine might cross our orbit's plane—
Therefore we predicate of *them* as *thee* ;
Though other globes there be, of portent dire,
That well might wrap our reeling world in fire.

VIII.

Such have I seen ! *—but thou wert not of these ;
Thy moonlight beauty boded no such harm.
Thou wert but formed to captivate and please
With gentle wonder free from dire alarm.
Thy bright compeers full often may we view,
Since thy swift self has ta'en a long adieu !

IX.

O ! pleasant to behold by wandering star
Heaven's fixed bright family at times increased ;
And hail the brilliant stranger from afar
Who comes our hearts to glad, our eyes to feast ;
Welcome each glorious wanderer to our gates,
Admire their beauty, and inquire their fates.

X.

And these things all might learn that would attend ;
For he that runs may sometimes read the sky.
Not that Philosophy e'er deigned to bend
On thoughts of mine "her chastely awful eye."
Heaven's mighty volume to our gaze outspread,
I turned the radiant page—and thus I read !—

* Alluding to a magnificent fiery meteor or bolide, of extraordinary magnitude, seen by the author in October, 1854, an account of which was transmitted to several meteorologists.

THE TRANSIT OF MERCURY.

“Mercury whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze!”
Hymn to the Sun.—THOMSON.

SPECK on the Sun's resplendent eye—

What eyes are lifted here,
Thy fleeting transit to descry
Across the shining sphere!

And thoughts meanwhile as swiftly flee
Across the musing brain,
While questioning, “Shall we live to see
That rare dark speck again?”

A speck to us—a world to those
Who bask within its sphere;
Whose sun-bright sky with ardour glows
That would consume us here.

And dwell there creatures on thine orb
Of such ethereal frame,
Those potent rays they can absorb,
Nor perish in the flame?

Or rolls it tenantless through space,
Unoccupied and drear?
With none the glorious Hand to trace
That gave *existence* here?

With none the marvels of its might
To view, as here, displayed;
Nor see—rejoicing in the sight—
The **MAKER** in the *made*?

With none His “talents” to employ,
His praises to resound,—
All dead to consciousness and joy,
Can such a sphere be found?

Ah no! the hand which gave you laws
Like those which guide our Earth,
In the great work would never pause
Till *Being* sprang to birth!

I envy Science’ gifted eye
Which sees—oh how much more
Than common optics can espy,
Or common thoughts explore.

But Science’ self would preach in vain
To cold unwilling ears,
“Worlds without souls” should she maintain,
And tenantless their spheres!

Yet are there, in this doubting age,
Men of deep thought and clear,
Whom subtlest arguments engage
To prove life *only here* !

Oh ! truer is the Poet's creed—
That creed be ever mine—
That God's own image glows indeed
Where'er His star-worlds shine.*

For what are matter's noblest forms,
If mind is wanting there ?
A chaos Reason's ray ne'er warms
Were dark 'mid brightest glare.

And He who gave us *her* blest beam
In this dim world afar,
Would ne'er deny her radiant gleam
To that bright glowing star !

Would ne'er amid such dazzling light
A world of glory place,
And leave it, lost in mental night,
Its aimless course to trace.

* Can every leaf a teeming world contain,
Can every globule gird a countless race,
Yet one death-slumber, in its dreamless reign
Clasp all th' illumed magnificence of space ?
Life crowd a grain, from air's vast realms effaced—
The leaf a world—the firmament a waste ?

LORD LYTTON.

If such, their dull dark creed can be
Who Heaven's bright host explore,
Close, close the page!—enough for me
To gaze—believe—adore!



SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURE.



"Where wast *thou* when I laid the foundations of the Earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding."—JOB xxxviii. 4.

"Who knoweth God, the sum of science knows."
BAILEY'S *Universal Hymn*.



ANCHORED ON THEE—in hope and humble trust—

Saviour of men—my firm belief would be !

I know and feel that mortals are but dust—

Their wisdom foolishness—apart from Thee !

They change—Thou changest not—their creed to-day

To-morrow melts in air, and dies away.

Yearly new systems rising into view,

The last year's *facts*—the next are re-arranged.

One thing they prove—they prove the last untrue ;

Themselves by fresh discoveries to be changed.

With every wind of doctrine veering round,

No footing for th' unstable soul is found.

'Tis well to change, till certainty is gained—

Investigate, compare, and ratify ;

Science can *wait*, till surety is attained—

Faith must be *now*—to-morrow we may die !

Then let not Science seek to shake our faith—

Itself still shaken by each passing breath.

Science may track the stars—the waves control—
Pierce the deep earth, and weigh the buoyant air :
Man is not *mind* alone—but *heart* and *soul*—
Far-stretching Science fails to reach him there !
That empire is his Maker's—who has given
Laws not of earth—derived direct from heaven.

The Christian hath a compass and a chart—
A Pilot who o'er troubled waves can steer ;
A Pole-star that doth confidence impart,—
And if his light is narrow, it is clear.
Their light is yet but darkness—and how great
The darkness *felt*, of that unsettled state !

Yes ! few the scattered rays that reach us here,
And they who see the farthest feel it most ;
Can Nature make what most concerns us clear ?
In dim uncertainty she still is lost ;
And they her deepest mysteries who sound
Arrive but at a darkness more profound.

'Neath darkness palpable when Egypt lay,
The land of Goshen basked in Heaven's blest light.
Israel rejoiced beneath the sunny ray—
All *was*—all *is*—to the BELIEVER bright !
Lord ! I remember that I am but dust—
I trust in THEE—and know in whom I trust !

THE EARLY CALLED.

“What I say unto you, I say unto all—Watch!”

During a storm which raged with great violence in many parts of the country, on the evening of Sunday, June 23rd (1861), the lightning struck a young girl, fifteen years of age, who had just returned from assisting at a Sunday-school, and was sitting reading the Bible near a window. She was found dead precisely in the attitude in which she had been reading, with the book upon her knee, and was at first supposed to have fainted; but, on being carried into the air, life was found to be extinct. No discolouration or mark of any injury whatever could be found upon her.

CALL it not “killed,” but “caught to heaven;”
 Death so devoid of mortal leaven!
 Death with the Bible on her knee!
 I mourn not, faithful maid, for thee.
 In Sabbath deed—on Sabbath day—
 Called to a brighter world away!
 No earthly tears had dimmed thine eye,
 No earthly love had claimed a sigh;
 Thy thoughts were on thy risen Lord;
 Thine eyes were resting on his word;
 When, snatched away in fiery car,
 His angel hailed thee from afar!
 By threatening elements unscared,
 For life—for death—alike prepared,
 Thee not the lightning’s startling flash—
 Thee not the thunder’s pealing crash,

E'en for an instant could appal—
Still ready for the Bridegroom's call.
Thy lamp was trimmed with oil from heaven,
Thy soul unstained with earthly leaven,
And with the Bible on thy knee,
Arm'd with a tenfold panoply !

And came that call !—to thee how mild,
Albeit to others strange and wild.
No "smell of fire had passed" on thee—
No livid mark was there to see—
But calm, as slumbering on thy couch
(*The Book* thy readiness to vouch)—
Softly the spirit passed away,
Unconscious as its natal day ;
And sprang on high, to second birth,
All painless as it dawned on earth !

Ye who her fate so nearly shared,
Like *her*, for all fates be prepared !
Like *her* who "chose the better part,"
And gave to God her youthful heart ;
Who, from the study of his Word,
Sprang to the presence of her Lord.
His book—the last that met her eyes—
His Book—her passport to the skies.
Death, so devoid of mortal leaven—
Call it not "killed," but "caught to heaven !"

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

(Gospel for the Fourth Sunday in Lent.—John vi. 1.)

*Sonnet on Mr. Peabody, the Philanthropist's, Munificent
Donation to the Poor of the City of London.*

STILL feed us, gracious Lord!—the poor with bread,
 The affluent, ever, with the bread of life!
 See by a stranger starving thousands fed—
 See misery's bleak abodes with comfort rife!
 Not to atone, in death, for life ill spent—
 Not to give others what was his no more—
 Was this magnificent donation lent—
 Lent to the Lord—though given to the poor! *
 No! while 'twas all his own—in life and health—
 The noble sacrifice was freely made;
 O! glorious use of consecrated wealth!
 Here and hereafter may it be repaid!
 Measure heaped high, pressed down, and running o'er,
 To thee be meted—now and evermore!

* "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord;
and that which he hath given will He pay him again."—
Prov. xix. 17.

THE MENTAL CATARACT.



A young man in the south-west of England, afflicted with blindness, applied for relief to a fortune-teller—"the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter"—who bade him repeat the Lord's Prayer three times on bended knees, while she performed her mystic conjurations—which of course proved ineffectual; previously extorting from him a large sum of money, for the purpose of "crossing the planets."



STRANGE superstition, truly!—yet the prayer

Breathed in blind faith, misplaced but yet sincere,
May not be scattered on the empty air,
But pitying Heaven, invoked, might stoop to hear;
Drive the dark mists of ignorance away,
And on the eye and mind shed equal day.

Yet not by miracle—or magic—now.

God works by *means*; those means He bids employ.
Sisters of mercy! can ye thus allow

Dark spells which Christian teaching might destroy?
Seek the poor dupe,—to pity and persuade—
And ask the skilled Optician's ready aid.

So shall ye read a better spell aright,
And with the corporal, couch the mental, sight!

“LIFE IS A DREAM.”

Sonnet on the late Queen Dowager of Sweden, who died suddenly at Stockholm, December, 1860.

This event was thus noticed in the papers at the time that it occurred :—

“Rarely has fortune showered her treasures more lavishly upon mortal than upon the late Queen Dowager of Sweden, just deceased. Eugénie Bernardine Desideria, born on the 28th of November, 1781, the daughter of M. Clary, a simple tradesman in Marseilles, was married in her seventeenth year to one M. Bernadotte, then a captain in the French Republican army. Twenty years after, her husband who had gone through the intermediate step of Marshal of France, ascended the throne of Sweden, and lived long and happily by the side of his queen.

“After his death, the daughter of a tradesman and widow of a king, had the happiness of seeing a son and grandson successively upon the same throne. She died, the founder of a respected dynasty, just after contemplating a visit to the theatre to witness the performance of Calderon’s ‘Life is a Dream.’”

“We are such stuff
As dreams are made of—and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.”—IB.

Yes ! Life is but a drama—or a dream !

Queen of the North ! how dream-like was thine own !

Who, in thy cradled infancy, could deem

The “tradesman’s daughter” destined to a throne ?

In a strange land, a stranger part to act,
Far from the humbler scenes of childhood's sphere ;
For fiction ever is surpassed by fact,
And dreams less wild than true events appear.
And now—ere closed the scene on life's last stage—
Once more the *mimic* drama thou wouldst view
(A secret interest might the *name* engage)
That night, a strong attraction thither drew.
It might not be !—the web of fate was spun.
Queen of the North !—thy "dream of life" was done !



SONNET TO HANDEL.

"Strong as Briareus with a hundred hands,
Sublime in sound—lo! giant Handel stands!"—POPE.

MILTON of music! privileged like him
To hear seraphic strains around thee float!
To look within the veil—till sight grew dim*—
To hear "a voice cry, Write!"—and straight ye
wrote.

Wrote *for* and *of* Eternity! all time
Chained to your car triumphant, till the day
When Hallelujahs hardly more sublime
"Fast by the throne of God" your homage pay.

Illustrious pair! to each a wreath is due
Beyond the Orphean or Homeric lyre.
An angel came at eventide to you,†
And touched your hallowed lips with coals of fire ‡

Well might ye close your eyes on this dull sod,
Ye "pure in spirit"—to behold your God!||

* Alluding to the blindness of both those great men in their declining years.

† Both Milton and Handel were nearly sixty years of age when they respectively composed their two great works, "Paradise Lost" and the "Messiah."

‡ Isaiah vi. 6, 7.

|| "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."—Matt. x. 8.

ENGLAND'S MISSION TO THE EAST.

*Written after the Annexation of India to the
British Empire.*

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth; and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, 'Fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come.'"—REV. xiv. 6, 7.

THE hour is come ! th' eventful hour
That gives all India to our power.
Tremendous triumph ! awful trust !
Call to be merciful—yet just !

The avenging angel sheathes the sword—
And Earth exults in peace restored.
A milder Spirit quits the sky
Charged with a message from on high.

Charged with the words of truth and grace
To proffer a benighted race.
But human instruments must aid—
By man the message be conveyed.

Her part, an earthly angel claims—
Pardon and Peace her voice proclaims.
A WOMAN'S gentle accents bear
The tidings best to earthly ear.

As late the cannon's booming roar
Sped death and dread from shore to shore,
It echoes now the peaceful sounds
To her new Empire's utmost bounds.

Hail, gentle Empress!—gracious Queen!
'*Twixt CLEMENCY and JUSTICE seen!*'*
Well was the Sculptor skilled to trace
Thy fairest friends—thy fitting place.

There reign! above a subject world—
O'er every shore thy flag unfurled.
O! truly may we boast this day
The sun ne'er sets upon thy sway!

When Heaven means mercy to a land
The sceptre falls to female hand;
Beneath the rule of reigning Queen
Have Britain's mightiest triumphs been!

But one thing lack we to complete
The dear-bought boon which now we greet:
For hollow still the Peace must be
That leads not—Prince of Peace—to Thee!

* The Queen is thus represented in an allegorical group by John Gibson, Esq., the Anglo-Roman sculptor.

What blood has flowed ! what battles fought !
What more than miracles been wrought !
Oh ! not in vain that blood be shed,
And not in vain those lessons read !

Teach us, O Lord ! to read them right—
Beneath Thy banner still to fight,
TRUTH's mighty battles yet must be :
Win them for *us*—for *them*—for *THEE* !

Can freedom breathe in falsehood's chain ?
Can Peace with idol-worship reign ?
Ah no ! a century's blood-stained close
Proves Peace can but on Truth repose.

Go forth, then, ministers of Truth !
Pray, pious Age,—work, ardent Youth !
A thousand different paths pursue,
But keep the one great end in view.

Though cold “ neutrality ” is all
That answers to a Nation's call,
E'en cold neutrality imparts
Enough of nerve to noble hearts.

They ask no aid at earthly hands,
No statesman chief—no martial bands.
They ask but for an open field,
And all the hosts of hell shall yield !

The God of battles bids them cease—
His name is now the Prince of Peace.
A viewless Spirit speeds before,
And bears His Book from shore to shore.

Go forth, then, Heroes of the Cross !
All other gain to yours is loss.
Winners of souls ! go forth to win—
The field is clear—the fight begin !

The bloodless fight be yours to wage
That best disarms the Heathen's rage ;
But fight unflinching till the day
All India owns a Saviour's sway !

And oh ! proclaim—abroad—at home—
Where'er ye dwell—where'er ye roam—
That hollow still the Peace must be
That leads not—Prince of Peace—to THEE !



THE INDIAN WOMAN'S APPEAL.

Written soon after the foregoing.

"I met," writes the wife of a well-known Missionary in Calcutta, "several men of a Brahmin village, who said to me—'If you will teach our women *quietly* and *privately*, we shall be only too much obliged to you. There is no help; our wives will not have knowledge kept from them any longer.'"

HARK! from India's seething shore
 Sounds a voice unheard before;
 Woman's voice arrests the ear,—
 British sisters! haste to hear.

What the boon which they demand—
 Christian women—at your hand?
 Knowledge is the boon they crave—
 Gospel light, the soul to save.

Knowledge not like that of Eve—
 Here no serpent to deceive!
 Knowledge only of the good—
 The Tree of Life's immortal food!

From the world and from all men—
 Knowest thou not, O Lord, our need?—
 Give us the word, O Lord, our need—
 Thou hast heard our cry.

From your own precious word,
 From the law, O Lord, our need—
 From the word of life to men—
 Speak to us, O Lord, our need.

Heed! your merciful word,
 Speak to us, O Lord, our need—
 "Knowest thou not, O Lord, our need?"
 In the presence—O Lord, our need.

"Thou hast heard our cry,"
 Speak to us, O Lord, our need—
 Ever our Father will hear our cry,
 Christ descended when we cry.

"But the Bible gently leads,
 And our highest way defines;
 But the Bible bids us rise,
 Blest aspirers, to the skies."

"Give us, then, the blessed book—
 Teach us on its leaves to look;
 To its gems the key afford—
 Lead us, lead us, to your Lord!"

Not in vain your plaint shall rise—
Not in vain, to earth or skies.
Soon shall it prevail—and bring
Every blessing on its wing.

Mothers ! who to sons alone
Have a mother's fondness shown,
Though a love in vain repress
Still might struggle in your breast—

Weep no more a babe is born
Of the sex foredoomed to scorn ;
Let your daughters now impart
Equal rapture to your heart.

Indian maids, no more despised—
Indian wives, as equals prized—
Indian mothers, honoured now—
Lift to heaven a beaming brow !

Widows, destined to expire
Once—upon the funeral pyre—
Still from human converse driven,—
Lo ! your slavish bonds are riven.

WOMAN, rise ! assume your place,
Daughters of th' enfranchised race !
'Tis our conquest sets you free
To the soul's blest liberty.

Soul and body both shall
 Freedom in a Saviour's light :
 Women—Men—shall join their
 Christian in the triumphal

In that blessed time we had
 All who seek the sacred goal,
 Waiting ere that they seek—
 We would be the first to speak.

We would bid them enter in—
 Souls redeemed from death and sin :
 Even for this world we would give
 All that makes it life to live.

No more to ignorance consigned,
 We would cultivate the mind ;
 Every boon, when Faith we gain,
 Follows in her blessed train.

Bright the prospects opening now—
 Lift, unveiled, a beaming brow ;
 Lift to Heaven a grateful heart,
 While its tidings we impart.

Vishnu's shadowy dreams shall cease—
 Brahma's reign expire in peace.
 Before the true God's risen ray
 Heathen myths shall melt away.

Speed the hour, all-gracious Lord !
Speed Thy work, and speed Thy word !
While with joyous welcome we
Hail our sisters—seeking THEE !

The above, it will be seen, is no *imaginary* appeal. It is entirely founded on facts stated in a little tract entitled "The wants and woes of India's Daughters, a special appeal for the Calcutta Normal and Central Schools"; which, after an affecting description of the present degraded and miserable condition of the women of India, contains the remarkable paragraph with which the Poem is headed, and we trust will draw attention, at the present crisis, to this highly important and interesting subject.



THE CANDIDATE FOR CONFIRMATION.

"When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it."—ECCLES.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—ISA.

THE solemn vows at Baptism made
 For me, and in my name,
 This day upon myself are laid,
 And my fulfilment claim.

Beneath the cheering beams of hope
 The spirit forward springs ;
 And action takes a wider scope—
 Forsaking "childish things."

On Life's arena entering now,
 Do Thou, all gracious Lord,
 Assist me to fulfil my vow,
 And present help afford.

The vow which I shall this day make,
 When friends their charge resign,
 Now bids me higher guidance take,
 And ask, not theirs, but Thine !

Then deign, O Lord ! to strengthen me
To run life's chequered race ;
From sin's obstructions set me free,
And guide me with Thy grace !

Give me the peace which passeth thought,
With energy combined ;
Teach me in what Thy word hath taught
True happiness to find.

Give me a conscience void of blame,
Yet trusting all to Thee !
Through life—in death—an honest fame,
From vice and folly free.

And oh ! whate'er may here betide—
Where'er my lot be cast—
Be Thou on Earth my guard and guide,
And lead to Heaven at last !



PROPHETIC ANAGRAM.

The name of *Florence Nightingale* admits of the following most appropriate Anagram: "*Flit on, cheering Angel.*"

FLIT ON, cheering Angel! the name was bestowed,
 Ah! surely prophetic of what you would be;
 Ordained to alleviate life's weary load,
 Amid scenes which the gay and luxurious would flee.

No shrinking of over-refinement withheld
 The hand and the heart ever ready to aid;
 Still prompt to relieve the distress you beheld,
 Unawed by the horrors in which 'twas arrayed.

No care too minute, and no labour too great,
 On suffering to lavish—in Peace or in War;
 Blest mission! to blunt the keen arrows of fate,
 And beam on the battle like Hope's guiding star.

And now that no longer the battle-field claims,
 And health sadly failing bids energy cease,
 Still quenchless the wish that at usefulness aims,
 And labours for sickness and sorrow—in Peace!

Still, still you would preach what you practised before ;
Teach others your blest art of healing to learn ;
Each branch of that art bid your pen to explore,
And your name's lovely Anagram evermore earn.

Flit on, cheering Angel ! from task then to task,
Since labours of love are but pleasures to you ;
Their meed is themselves ! and 'tis all that you ask,
Till in heaven the reward of your labours you view.

Florence Nightingale ! sweet is that name to the ear,
And sweet the appropriate words it supplies ;
The ear they shall charm, and the heart they shall cheer,
When she that once owned them has passed to the
skies.

Flit on, cheering Angel, to happier scenes,
When the goal of your earthly existence you win ;
Yet long be the time that till then intervenes,
And the Angel of Mercy shall usher you in !

April, 1860.



SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS.

A CONTRAST.

Written in a year of the Indian war remarkable for fraudulent bankruptcies.

“Look here!—upon this picture—and on this!”—HAMLET.

How comes it—how comes it—with SOLDIERS so great—
 The bulwark, the glory, the pride, of the state—
 Who spend for their Country their blood and their
 breath,
 To whom duty is life, and dishonour is death ;—
 How comes it that meanness and cheating and fraud
 (Here all that we hate—as there all we applaud—)
 Pervades our Civilians, at home and abroad ?

Shall duty be dear to the *soldier* alone ?
 Shall no spell but round carnage and slaughter be
 thrown ?
 On the pillar's high crown perch the eagle divine
 While adders and snakes round the pedestal twine ?
 Oh ! shame to the wretches who make such a dearth
 Of honour and honesty, justice and worth,
 A blot on the Nation that gave them their birth !

Let her spurn from her bosom such traitors as these—
Who her confidence cheat, and her charity freeze ;
Who plunder, unawed by example and shame ;
A curse to their country—a blight on her fame !
Who the widow and orphan, the young and the old,
A sacrifice drag to their idols of gold ;
To Mammon—to Moloch—devoted and sold !

And oh ! that worst feature of all, of the times,
Who dare make religion a cloak to their crimes ;
Who with cant and pretence the unwary deceive,
Till “ all men are liars ” is all they believe.
Go, hypocrites ! read what a Saviour has said—
That for *you* is reserved a judgment more dread
Than e'en each doomed city drew down on its head.*

And even in this world your doom comes at last—
The joy of the hypocrite quickly is past.†
His triumphing is but a moment of dread—
Destruction still hangs by a hair o'er his head.
A life worse than death, amid labour and chains,
When his deeds are discovered, is all that he gains :—
A hell upon earth, the reward of his pains !

Yes, pains ! for one half of the pains that men take
To be vicious—a fortune for virtue would make ;

* “ Which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers ; the same shall receive greater damnation.”—Mark xii., Luke xx.

† “ Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment ? ”—Job xx. 45.

Its moderate wants would be more than supplied
 With a tithe of the labour to swindling applied.
 That "*Honesty's Policy*" take for a rule—
 As experience still shows in the world's motley school—
Where a knave ever proves but a roundabout fool.

To be *known* to be honest, in these wretched days,
 Is enough to make *rich*—is no profitless praise.
 "A *character*!" once said a villain of old—
 "Oh would that a character were to be sold! *
 Ten thousand good pounds I would down for it lay—
 Nor fear the first cost it would tenfold repay;
 But what can restore it, when once passed away?"

Oh! let it not pass then!—more precious than gold,
 Clasp it close to your hearts, as a treasure untold.

* The celebrated Colonel Francis Chartres—doomed to immortal infamy in the poetry of Pope—was thrice drummed out of different regiments as a cheat. More successful in *civil* life, he amassed an immense fortune by fraud and imposition; the greater part of which, however, from confiscations and other causes, melted away before his death. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body from the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c., into the grave along with it. Were all scoundrels served in the same manner at their deaths, it might make them more cautious in their lives! Sensible, indeed, of the disadvantage of a bad character—for we have enumerated but a few of his many vices—Chartres was once heard to say, that though he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a *character*, because he knew he could make a hundred thousand by the possession of it!

The following cutting sarcasm appeared in a New York paper about the time this was written:—

"A little thieving is a dangerous part,
 But thieving largely is a noble art!
 'Tis wrong to rob a henroost or a hen,
 But robbing millions makes us *Gentlemen*!!"

Shut your eyes and your ears, should temptation press
hard—

God who seeth in secret gives open reward.
To your land thus its name and its fame you'll restore;
Hand in hand with *integrity* valour shall soar,
And "Honest John Bull" be a by-word no more!



A DEPARTING YEAR.

“Where is it?—with the years beyond the flood!”—YOUNG.

FAREWELL to the year that's departing!—a year
 Marked by many a sigh, and by many a tear!
 For death has been busy with low and with high,
 Evoking the tear and extorting the sigh.
 He stole to the palace, and struck at the throne,
 And the Greatest and Best was left weeping alone.
 He dived to the deep mine—and, darkly bereft,
 In woe and in want, humbler widows were left.
 He threatened the truest, best Patriot on earth*—
 Whose faults have more merit than other men's worth.
 But, relenting for once, spared the world that regret;
 For Heaven could not spare him—nor Liberty—yet!
 Then baffled he fled o'er th' Atlantic afar;
 To revel and rage 'mid the horrors of war;
 And here, though he could not deprive us of Peace,
 Left murder and crime on a fearful increase.

* Garibaldi.

A new leaf turns now in the tablets of Time—
Shall *that* too be fraught with misfortune and crime ?
Shall a world where such triumphs still wait on the *brain*
To no higher *heart*-merit ever attain ?
Let us trust, a new year will look back on the last
As in all things a stage of existence that's past.
May our Queen (from her realm still in sorrow with-
drawn)
Look up, with a new Spring, to hope's cheering dawn ;
Again find her lone heart has blessings in store,
That will render it lonely and mournful no more.
Again in the land that adores her be seen,
Amid subjects and sons that are worthy their Queen !
That *she* is still spared us, may set against all
Of evil and trouble that else could befall.
For the rest—though our memories still heave a sigh,
Be they numbered henceforward with sorrows gone by—
Let us hope better things of the years that unfold,
And bid reluctant adieux to the old !



PHOTOGRAPHY.

A SONNET.

THERE'S nothing new, forsooth, beneath the Sun?
 The Sun himself gives *Negatives* to that !
 Comes boldly forth in contradiction flat,
 And teaches nought is old that now is done.
 Phœbus was erst the *poet's* patron god ;
 Him did the kindred art of *music* woo.
 At these his ancient votaries might plod—
 None ever dreamed he'd prove a *painter* too.
 " In act how like a god " he does the deed !
 No palette—pencil—paint—doth he require ;
 But stamps at once the image you desire ;
 Confers a power creative, at your need ;—
 And with the speed of light, outstripping thought,
 By light itself the miracle is wrought !

*On a Latin translation, photographically printed,
of SCHILLER'S*

“DER SPAZIERGANG”—THE WALK.

SUN-PRINTED POEM!—pleasant marvels still
Haunt us along life's else prosaic way !
Lo ! Phœbus here asserts his ancient skill,
The bard still courts his aid, and owns his sway.

Schiller deplored the “ Gods of Greece ” dethroned—
The Sun, to him, had lost his *sacred* fires.
Behold him here—how strangely—re-enthroned !
He prints the poems he no more inspires.

Ah ! *does* he not inspire them ? Glorious Orb !
Cold were the thoughts unvisited by thee !
'Tis not alone our eyes thy beams absorb—
They bid the *mental* eye more brightly see.

Image of HIM to whom all beings bow,
We *all but* worship thee, bright Orb ! ev'n now !

LUNARIAN SONNETS.

"Pale Hecate's offering."—MACBETH.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!"
Pleasures of Hope.

I.

THE MOON AS SEEN THROUGH LORD ROSSE'S
 TELESCOPE.

Moon! by so many moonstruck bards bepraised,
 As some bright Paradise of blest repose—
 What a changed hue—the veil of ignorance raised,
 The light of new discovery o'er thee throws!
 Lo! "antres vast, and deserts idle," stretch,
 Where Fancy dreamed of bowers of endless bliss!
 Why, such a world would scare the veriest wretch
 That e'er grew weary of his life in this!
 Elysium now to Tartarus doth turn—
 Old Chaos—conquered here—is there restored.
 Rocks frown—gulfs yawn—volcanoes blaze and burn,
 Ah! burn—or break—your telescope, my lord!
 For it hath broken Fancy's fairest spell—
 And that which seemed a heaven doth prove a hell!

II.

THE MOON FROM THE POETIC POINT
OF VIEW.

O! silver Moon!—as bards persist to call
What to *my* optics *golden* doth appear—
No children e'er pursued a game at ball
Keenly as *we* conjectures on thy sphere.
Beauteous in lovers' and in poets' eyes,
But in philosophy's an awful fright—
(Where ignorance is bliss, how vainly wise!)
If of thy rocks and chasms we read aright.
Well! all things best appear at distance due,
Nor is fair Luna from that law exempt;
So let us take the poets' point of view,
Unbiassed or by terror or contempt:
Since doubtless all good things, where'er we go,
From the great Author of all good will flow.

III.

"EVENINGS WITH THE POETS BY
MOONLIGHT." *

Full many a bard has sung the Moon's soft charm,
Full many a lover praised her pensive ray;
And gazer philosophic much hath told
Of what his magic *lenses* can unfold.

* Alluding to a charming little volume in prose and verse bearing that title, by John Holland, Esq., of Sheffield Park.

But one alone—whom equal talents arm—
 Has link'd all tributes in his living lay ;
 One in whom bard and *savant* both unite
 Has praised her soft, and bless'd her useful light.
 Hail Luna's Laureate !—such should be thy name,
 Well earned by lucubrations such as thine ;
 Since every bard that celebrates her fame
 In thy nocturnal lays is taught to shine.
 Harmonious tributes !—nor from these alone—
 Since mingled still with theirs, so sweetly blend thine
 own.

IV.

TO LUNA'S LAUREATE.

In sport—and yet in seriousness as well—
 I've called my friend the Laureate of the Moon.
 My friend *par excellence* !—and now a boon
 The measure of my gratitude to swell
 I would request ! and sure a brighter theme
 Than that I urge ne'er woke a poet's dream.
 Shall Luna only be by bards admired ?
 Shall the great source and fountain of her light
 (The beams she gives back softened to the sight)
 Be all unsung ?—Phœbus—who erst inspired
 The poet's lay, with kindred ardour fired—
 Phœbus forbid !—His sister's charms you've sung—
 Now on *his* altar let your wreath be hung.
 Like Memnon, give back music to his ray—
 He will not fail to crown his bard's responsive lay !

VILLAGE GRAVES.

GATHERING round us—gathering round—
Fast they fill the hallowed ground.
Friends and strangers, young and old,
Here their silent meeting hold.

Some in anguish rent away,
Some that sunk by slow decay ;
Some that as by lightning-stroke
From their earthly bondage broke.

Some that calmly slept away—
To ope their eyes on brighter day.
Hear, O Lord ! our humble prayers—
Let our parting be like theirs !

All have passed the “ ebon door ”
That opens on the shining shore ;
Shining may it be to them—
Here no startling crimes condemn.

May their human frailties be,
Gracious Lord ! absolved by Thee !
May a family of love
Meet, as here, in bliss above !

When Jesus Christ we call to aid,
May our work be done all day,
That is why—in every place
To see with glad our movement pass.

While we stand in this land,
Let our faith be where it will,
Stronger than the sea and wind,
Who make their faith a name to sell.

Let us not our own weak power
Trust, in the temptation of hour;
Let us cast on Thee our care—
Let our power be prayer!

Let us, armed and strengthened thus,
Prove the faith that dwells in us:
Yea, as labourers for their pay,
"Work while it is called to-day."

Grant that when our work is o'er
We to heavenly rest may soar;
When before Thee we appear
"Well done thou faithful servant" hear.

From the bosom of the earth
When we spring to second birth,
Grant that from this lowly sod
All that rise, may rise to God!

THE MOURNER

AT THE TOMB OF HER CHILD.

WHY should sorrow haunt the tomb
 Where her hopes are laid ;
 Seeking still, with ceaseless gloom,
 The living 'mong the dead ?
 Mourner, raise that drooping brow,
 For thy lost one weep not thou !
 'Tis not here thy treasure lies,
 Death transferred it to the skies.

Yet the casket may be dear
 Though the gem be gone ;
 There is *healing* in the tear—
 Weep, mourner, then, weep on !
 For thine earthly loss complain,
 Not for his eternal gain ;
 For thyself the tear be shed—
 For the living, not the dead !

Not of Infancy should grief
 Long lament the doom ;
That the blossom, bright and brief,
 Perished in its bloom.
Perished to our earthly eye
But to bloom 'neath brighter sky.
Raised from Earth's ungenial sod
To the garden of its God !

There beside the stream of life
 Shall the flower expand ;
Far from Earth's tempestuous strife,
 By gales immortal fanned.
There no canker shall consume,
There no blight shall mar its bloom ;
'Mid immortal amaranth twined
There thy treasure thou shalt find !



THE REAL PRESENCE.

AN IMPROMPTU,

Occasioned by a never-ending controversy on that subject.

WHEREFORE all these vain disputes,
 Barren of improving fruits?
 Why for the *letter* needless strife?
 "It is the *spirit* giveth life."
 The "elements" of bread and wine
 Are not a sacrifice but sign :
 A sign between our God and us,
 To be observed and hallowed thus ;
 In *memory* of the sacrifice
 Not destined to be offered twice ;
 Since "once for all" the atonement made
 The blessing through all time conveyed.*
 That Christ will bless what He commands
 The humblest Christian understands ;
 The wisest know but little more—
 Enough His "presence" to adore ;
 Enough that if we do His will
 His sacred pledge He will fulfil ;
 Though human wisdom vainly tries
 The "mystery" to analyse.

* Heb. x. 10—14.

Oh ! wiser was the future Queen
In whose bright dawn such sense was seen—
“ What Christ pronounced it, I believe,
“ What Christ did make it, I receive.” *
Received in faith ; nor question made
The promised blessing *how* conveyed.
And vainly still would we declare
“ Lo ! Christ is here ”—“ Lo ! Christ is there,”
Christ, with *His own*, is everywhere.

* Queen Elizabeth's admirable though evasive answer, when, as Princess, under trial for her life, and sought to be “entangled in her talk,” she thus baffled her inquisitors, need not here be more than alluded to. She could not have made a better (and would probably have made the same) had she been dictating that answer from her throne.

PHYSICAL EVIL,

ITS REIGN AND REMEDY.

A Plea for extending the benefits of *Chloroform* to the Brute Creation.



"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

MATT. V. 7.

"Man—meant the lord, not tyrant—of the earth,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs
Needless; and first torments ere he devours."

COWPER.



As on the world's vast stage we scan each part,
How few the scenes that cheer or soothe the heart !
As inwardly we turn enquiring eyes,
What mists of dark perplexity arise !
All seems a riddle to reflective minds,
And few the dim solutions Reason finds.

How strange, in this sad scene of breathing clay,
That all are preyed on—all compelled to prey !
That all are sent upon an unknown scene—
To vanish thence, as though they ne'er had been,
While toil—pain—grief—oft fill the space between.

Sorrow is not man's destiny alone,
The wide creation echoes to his groan ;
Strange that unreasoning creatures share his doom,
Though shut to them the world beyond the tomb !
Sin may account for suffering in *us*—
But these—what have *they* done to suffer thus ?

Alas ! such questions ill beseem us here,
Where all is strange—where nought that *is* is clear.
One ray from heaven alone has reached our path
That bids repentance flee from future wrath ;
Dimly it glares on Being's awful bounds,
But solves not one dark mystery that surrounds.
When from that narrow path one step we stray,
Clouds and thick darkness close around our way !

When Reason, kneeling at Religion's shrine,
Would seek to solve her mysteries divine,
Back on herself her baffled efforts fall—
One solemn answer still awaits her call.
Thus speaks the warning,—“ What is that to thee ?
Arise, vain questioner !—rise—and follow ME ! ”

Methinks of all the bliss we hope to share
In realms unstained by crime—unsoiled by care,
It most must soothe the yearnings of the heart
To see things wholly, here but seen in part ;
To hold the mighty labyrinth's guiding clue,
And mark each gloomy maze revealed to view ;

Each mist dispersed, and every doubt resolved
That here in vain the troubled soul revolved.
Why He with whom immortal bliss is rife,
For *ought* but bliss could breathe us into life ;
How imperfection, in Perfection's work,
Could find a place—*permitted* even, to lurk ;
Why He whose hand where'er we turn we trace,
Forbids His creatures to behold His face ;
And hides behind the wonders He hath wrought,
Impalpable alike to sense and thought.
Why man was placed on this terrestrial ball,
When He who placed foresaw that he would fall.
Why other natures feel the lapse of his—
Why death should reign—and wherefore EVIL is ;
Evil, in all its shapes of sin and woe—
That first—last—question, never solved below !

Turn we from themes that bid our senses swim
And even faith's far-sighted eye grow dim ;
Though turn we baffled, with the bitter sigh,
That asks—unanswered still—the eternal WHY !

Thus mused, in days of yore, my troubled heart,
Nor dreamed the riddle would be solved in part,
Nor that a healing ray of light from heaven
T' illumine " the darkness that was FELT "—be given.
Yet so it was—and we have lived to see
The great Physician's sovereign remedy.
Heaven heard sad Nature's agonising call—
And sent a balm—a healing balm—for ALL.

Given without stint—for greatest and for least,
“Thou, Lord, shalt save in mercy man and beast.”
Save them from sufferings worse than death, in life;
Save, even to death, its agonising strife.
Twice blest the boon!—to save or to destroy
Alike its soothing powers ye may employ.
The sting of death extracted—life endured—
One step to the Millennium secured!

The talisman bestowed—oh! why delay
To bid all Nature feel its soothing sway?
Turn we from THOUGHT to ACT—our part fulfil;
Nor idly mourn, but remedy, the ill.
At least alleviate *part* that we behold
Of the vast mass of misery untold:
Lighten the load of life where'er we can,
E'en from the brute creation up to man!
Lighten the load of suffering that we see,
And give an *easy death*—if death must be!
Godlike the bounty—nor bestowed in vain—
They who show mercy, mercy shall obtain.
Oh! ye, who hold the power of life and death,
Wield the sharp blade, or stop the struggling breath—
And ye of higher rank and softer heart—
Oh! join to take the hapless victims' part!
Join, join, each feeling heart and gentle hand—
Let woman's voice persuade—let man's command!
The harmless flocks that browse beneath your eye,
With raiment clothe you, and with food supply,
The cattle on a thousand hills that feed—
Feel ye no pity that for you they bleed?

Would you not wish unfelt by *them* a pang,
 And death to seize *unconscious* of his fang? *
 Give them to share—for ye can well afford—
 The blessings of their much indebted lord,
 The panacea upon pain bestowed,
 To lighten death's sharp pang, and life's harsh load ;
 So may your parting hour be free from pain—
 So may ye rise to deathless life again !
 Much—oh how much!—were banished thus of ill,
 Though the prime mystery may perplex us still,
 Though we must wait to live the life above
 Ere we can know and feel, that “ God is love.”

Oh ! speed the moment—Lord of life and light—
 When these dark mists shall vanish from the sight—
 When from our wildered eyes the scales shall fall,
 And one broad blaze of light illumine all !

The above poem, which was written several years ago, owed its origin to a remarkable and most impressive *dream*. The verses were printed at the time, and pretty widely distributed, in tract-like form, accompanied by a short prose commentary—and the present moment, when such a movement is being made in favour of humanity to animals, seems a favourable one for reproducing them:

Whilst they were in the press, I met with an article in the *Quarterly Review* on the “ Sense of pain in men and animals,”—the concluding paragraph of which formed too appropriate and important a commentary on the theme then so deeply engaging my attention, not to be rejoicingly appended to it, and which I have pleasure in again quoting here—showing how warmly it interests cultivated minds:—

“ Man is worse than the most venomous reptile or the most,

* The previous administration of chloroform could not possibly affect the quality of the meat.—*Medical Opinion*.

savage beast, if he maltreats the creatures which serve his needs, since no beast is under equal obligations to the animal world.

“ ‘The wolf who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne’er drank her milk
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs
E’er ploughed for him,’—

“With no sort of conscience can we use animals as culprits when their sinews are the very life of ours. When we ride, we sit upon the skin of the pig; when we walk we tread upon the skin of the bullock; we wear the skin of the kid upon our hands, and the fleece of the sheep upon our backs. More than half the world are human beings in sheep’s clothing. We eat the flesh of some creatures, of some we drink the milk; upon others we are dependent for the cultivation of the soil:—and if it is a pain to us to suffer hunger and cold, we should be scrupulous to avoid inflicting wanton misery upon the animals by means of which we are warmed and fed. Mr. Waterton witnessed the annual ceremony at Rome of pronouncing a public benediction upon the beasts of burden. This humane naturalist rejoiced to think that the blessing would ensure them better treatment from their owners. Whether or no the effect was what he anticipated, there is a practical benediction which is for ever proceeding from the hearts of all good men, and which shows itself in admiration of the animal world as the work of God, in sympathy with them as sentient beings, and in gratitude to them as benefactors to ourselves.”

By another remarkable and striking coincidence in connection with this subject, an article appeared in the *Times* on the travels of Dr. Livingstone, then recently published, from which I was only too glad to subjoin the following extracts—which I think cannot be read without increased interest at the present time—when the fate of the illustrious traveller is involved in so much anxious and perplexing mystery:—

“Dr Livingstone has a personal dislike to the hunter’s occupation, but was compelled to cater for the rest, on account of the inability of the natives to take a decent aim. . . . To save his ammunition, which his companions would have entirely wasted in learning, the Doctor was compelled to do all the

shooting himself; and this necessarily involved other inconveniences besides the shock to his feelings. . . . The dislike of inflicting pain upon animals seems to have induced him to study the circumstances under which the death-shot may be delivered most certainly; and he relates some curious facts bearing upon that subject."

Now, if so dauntless and intrepid a traveller as Dr. Livingstone, and so careless of his own ease and safety, could bestow a thought upon such a point at such a time and place, as the easy death of wild animals which he was under the necessity of slaying for his own support or preservation, surely we who "sit at home at ease," and see peaceful inoffensive herds and flocks quietly grazing around us—forming in life so prominent and beautiful a feature in our rich pastoral landscapes, and both in life and death contributing so largely to our support and benefit—cannot be accused of false sentiment or over-refinement of feeling, in bestowing a similar thought and concern upon *them*, and extending our care for them even to their closing scene.



TRANSLATIONS.

THE POET'S WORLD.

ADOLF STÖBER.



“ Ein Kaiser schwang mit stolzer hand
Sein Scepter weit hinaus.”



A MONARCH stretched with haughty hand
His sceptre far and wide ;
He stretched it over sea and land,
East—West—on every side.

“ In my dominions doth the sun
Ne'er vanish from the skies ;
When to one land his race is run,
He o'er the next doth rise.”

I wear no jewelled crown 'tis true,
Nor sit on golden throne ;
On the vast round of earth I view
No acre of my own.

Yet am I monarch of a world
Whence sunbeams ne'er depart ;
'Tis by a lovely form unfurled
That glows within my heart.

It wakes me in the early morn,
Bright shining on my breast ;
And still in dreams, with rays unshorn,
Illumes my nightly rest.

And thus the monarch's boast is mine—
His vaunting words are met ;
The sun doth on my kingdom shine
In beams that never set.



THE POET AND HIS READER.

ADOLF STÖBER.

“Willst du dichten ? sammle dich,
Sammle dich wie zum gebete.”

Wouldst thou sing ? thy thoughts review,
Collect thyself as if for prayer ;
That thy soul, with reverence due,
May stand in Beauty's presence fair :
May behold her features bright,
And the fulness of her grace ;
Then thou may'st her form of light
As in sculptured marble trace.

Wouldst thou *read* a poem ? still
Collect thyself as if for prayer ;
And let the Poet's image fill
Thy fancy with its outlines fair ;

That through the form of his unfolding
Thou thy glance may'st upward turn ;
And with the Poet's eyes beholding,
The pattern whence he drew, discern.

In "The Poet's World" the poet compares his Muse to the sun (which in German is feminine), and depicts her as "a sun that never sets" over the world of his imagination. Here, his imagination "bodies forth" that image of *Universal Beauty* which to the common observer is among "the forms of things unknown," but which the poet's eye perceives, and the poet's pen

"Turns to a shape—and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name."



THE POET'S CALLING.

HERWEGH.

"Der Freiheit Priester, der Vasall des Schönen,
So wird der Dichter in die Welt gesandt."

THE priest of Freedom, yet fair Beauty's slave,
The Poet takes upon the earth his stand ;
A wandering troubadour from land to land,
From him the crown of song the noblest crave.

The deeds heroic sung by him derive
Their only sure memorial from his hand ;
Content he writes his own cares in the sand
If his own heart in other hearts survive.

A gardener asking but a little ground,
For other breasts to rear the blooming flowers ;
A vine-dresser who showers his grapes around,
And decks with bliss and verdure others' bowers :

Or, like the diver, venturing his life,
To deck his Age with pearls, won from dark ocean's
strife.

THE VOCAL TELL-TALE.

HEINE.

“Die blauen Frühlings Augen
Schaun aus dem grass hervor.”

THE blue eyes of the Spring
Are peeping from the grass,
They are peeping in the violets
Which I gather as I pass.

I pluck them, and I think
That all the thoughts which spring
Within my hidden bosom
The nightingale doth sing.

Yes ! what I feel she sings,
Till Echo joins the tone ;
The secret of my heart
To all the world is known.

THE MINSTREL'S CONSOLATION.

KERNER.

“Weint auch einst kein Liebchen
Thränen auf mein Grab.”

THOUGH no lovers e'er should stop
To weep above my tomb,
Tears as sweet shall drop
From flow'rets in their bloom.

Though no traveller's curious eye
Should the spot survey,
The moon will glance from high,
On her nightly way.

Though where the Poet *is*
Soon may be forgot,
Groves and fields were his—
In those forget him not !

Fields and flowers and groves,
Stars and moonlight dim—
These he sings and loves—
In these remember him !

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~~SECRET~~

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

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NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

The man who was
 with the man who was
 to the man who was
 the man who was

The cities round are falling,
The war-cry's in the land;
But never at its calling
Moves the sword in that right hand.

Through blossom'd vales abounding,
Vernal breezes sweep along;
Still the minstrel's harp is sounding
In never-dying song!



THE WANDERER'S EVENING SONG.



“Mit Sturm und Nacht durch fremdes Land
Irr'ich in Einsamkeit.”



'Mid storm and night through stranger land
What though I wander lone,
Gaily I sing o'er hill, dale, strand,
Nor make one idle moan.

The heavens on thee were smiling still,
E'en though they frowned on me;
I feel no toil, I fear no ill,
While all is well with thee!

HIGH AND DEEP.

COUNT MAURICE STRACHWITZ.

“Wie hab’ ich sonst so frisch gesungen
In jungem Stoltz und jungem Kraft.”

How gaily, once, ’twas mine to sing,
In youthful pride and youthful power !
How rose my heart on soaring wing
In young emotion’s daring hour !

How did I bear my head on high !
How feathery light my footstep fell !
How glowed my cheek with rapture’s dye !
How through the moistened eye ’twould swell !

E’en sorrows to subdue would fail—
In vain their billows round would rave ;
For youth bestowed Leucothea’s veil,*
To bear me o’er the buoyant wave.

* Ino, or Leucothea, the daughter of Cadmus and wife of Athamas, King of Thebes, flying from the fury of her husband (who, like some modern ones, “was subject to fits of madness”), threw herself, with her child in her arms, from a high rock into the sea; but was borne up by her veil, which floated on the waters—and changed by the gods into a sea-nymph.

And now, though higher than at first,
My fate and fortunes in their prime—
Ah me ! a thunderbolt has burst,
And silenced *joy* since that sweet time.

How has it shattered each fond dream
When most its golden charm could please !
How disenchanted its bright gleam,
The heaven of its sweet fantasies !

Banished from *thee* to regions dark,
The realms of bliss are dimly seen ;
And fate bestows nor steed nor bark
To cross the dreary gulf between.

Yet still in strains no griefs destroy,
My heart resounds its murmurs low ;
The highest song is sung by Joy—
The deepest is the voice of WOE !



THE LOVER'S BOOK.

HEINE.



“Mit Rosen, Cypressen, und Flittergold
Mächt ich verzieren lieblich und hold.”



With roses, and cypress, and spangles of gold,
I would deck my book, all fair to behold;
Like a gorgeous shrine that the dead receives,
And bury my song in the gilded leaves!

Oh! would I could bury my love there too!
The sweet flower of rest the grave doth strew,
There doth it spring, and is plucked in its bloom,
But mine will but blossom above my own tomb.

Here are the strains that once wildly came
From my breast, as from Etna's, in lava flame,
Exploding like that, from my soul's inward wound,
And scattering their scorching sparks all around.

Now they lie mute and silent as death ;
And cold as if fixed by the frost's icy breath,
But again would they glow with a fervour as deep
If the spirit of love should over them sweep.

And deep in my heart a foreboding is felt
That the spirit of love will that ice-chain melt,
If ever this volume should reach thy hand,
Thou dearest of loves, in a distant land !

Then shall be broken the spell on the song
When its pale tracings to thee belong ;
They shall movingly meet thy gentle eye,
And whisper of woe, with love's deep sigh.



THE STAR OF LOVE.

HEINE.



“Es fällt ein Stern herunter
Aus seiner funkelden H^öh.”



THERE fell down a star from on high,
From the sparkling sphere where they move;
I beheld it with rapturous eye—
For that star was the bright star of love!

It fell on the fruits of the earth,
Shaking blossoms and leaves from the tree;
And the zephyrs and breezes in mirth
Sported round it with murmuring glee.

The swan, as he rowed on the lake,
No longer was mute as before;
Into music his harsh accents brake,
As he dipped in the wave his white oar.

But all is now dark as at first,
And withered each blossom and leaf;
The star did but sparkle and burst—
And the song of the swan was as brief!

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

HERWEGH.



“Ich kann oft stundenlang am Strome stehen
Wenn ich entflohen aus den Menschen Bahn.”



For hours beside the streamlet oft I stand,
When from the haunts of men I can escape ;
To me its murmurs take experience' shape,
Like one who's looked around him in the land.

And first it tells me of its youthful flow—
How its hard path through beetling rocks was won ;
How wearily through sands it next has run ;
And every murmur to my heart doth go.

But oh ! how surely doth it keep its way !
Through rocks and obstacles and weary wastes,
It ne'er forgets to ocean that it hastes.
Wilt *thou*, my soul, through error's mazes stray ?

Oh, like a child in Nature's presence seem,
And gather wisdom from the gliding stream !

THE WIFE'S MIRROR.

IMMERMAN.

WHEN in the mirror you discern
 A gloomy eye, an aspect stern,
 Then dare to tell it, it doth lie ;
 Or only say, " That is not I ! "

But when upon its polished plane
 Doth love and sweetness beam again,
 That then it speaks the truth believe,
 A faithful impress doth receive.

And I will aid it, oh ! my love,
 Thus sweetly truthful still to prove ;
 For when it mars thine image fair,
 Are not *my* faults reflected there ?

These lines—which, with a pleasant quaintness, remind an English reader of our mediæval poets—under the guise of a young wife's lesson, convey a covert one to husbands, to whose failures in conduct or kindness it too frequently happens that the gloomy reflection in the mirror may be attributed.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

From the German of FREILIGRATH.

AN angel by a cradle stood,
 With heavenly radiance shone his face ;
 Reflected as in crystal lake
 His slumbering self he seemed to trace.

“ Child who resemblest me,” he cried,
 “ Fly to th’ Eternal Light with me ;
 Earth offers thee but toil and care—
 Come, sweet one !—’tis unworthy thee.

“ Here thou wilt waken but to woe—
 Ev’n bliss weighs down the burdened heart ;
 Pleasure, like sorrow, has its sighs,
 And tears, in sudden joy, will start.

“ No festival without a care,
 And if bestowed a sunny day
 It is but surety that the next
 Will cloud and storm resume their sway.

“ And shall then grief her signet set
Upon this clear and tranquil brow ;
And these blue eyes shed bitter tears
That smile so calm and sweetly now ?

“ No ! follow me—and I will lead
Where suns round suns all dazzling roll.
Heaven yearns to give thee glorious days,
Earth has but sorrow for thy soul.

“ And let no bitter tears be shed
By those who thee, their darling, nursed ;
But let thy parting glance be hailed
All gladly as was hailed thy first.

“ Let not a brow be saddened here
That one so loved has passed away ;
Oh come ! who sinless hence departs
His latest is his brightest day ! ”

See ! shaking now his snowy wings—
Up to his God's eternal throne
He rises 'mid celestial songs—
Poor Mother ! is thine angel flown ?



THE MINER'S BRIDE.

German of TRINIUS.

“Wisst ihr von des Bergmann's Leiche
Aus dem Schachte zu Falun?”

WIST ye of the Miner's corse
In the shafts of Fahlun found?
He who 'scaped corruption's force,
Entombed among the ruins round.
By the after-world forgot
Was this youth of ancient time:
Yet earth had hid—oblivion not—
From one who knew him in his prime.

Doomed, vanishing from mortal view,
By the pit-lamp's glimmering shine,
Himself his sephulcre to hew
In the white metallic mine;
Till—full sixty years had passed—
Many hundred fathoms deep,
Found the spot by chance at last
Of the hapless miner's sleep.

And as gold within the mine
Pure and spotless still would last ;
Losing soon its brilliant shine
When from hand to hand 'tis passed—
So, entombed beneath the stone,
Lay the youth as one embalmed ;
And the vapours round him thrown
Still corruption's power disarmed.

Till once again to light upreared
Fair and fresh as morn of May,
He who so strangely disappeared
Before their eyes unaltered lay.
But that new race who ne'er beheld,
Asked who the wondrous youth might be,
And thither too, by crutch upheld,
An aged woman came to see.

Eager through their ranks she moved—
Gazed as she the sleeper spied ;
Yes, 'tis he !—her heart's belov'd—
She *was*—she *is*—the *Miner's Bride* !
“ Only death can give me thee—
But I was ever—ever—thine ! ”
And into better life did she
Sink, upon his bosom's shrine !

The above is a *tale of truth*. Fahlun is the capital of Dalecarlia.

STRUTH WINKELRIED;

OR, THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

German of USTERI.

“Es lebte ein Ritter am gräflichen Hof,
Geachten von Grossen und Kleinen.”



THERE lived a brave knight in baronial hall,
Lived honoured by high and by low,
Like lightning in battle—a rock and a tower
In the tempest of war—but best pleased with the power
The blessing of peace to bestow.

And when in the hall the banquet was spread,
And damsels were blooming around,
And goblets rang loud on the plentiful board,
And harps and musicians their minstrelsy poured,
He would cast a sad glance on the ground.

And grateful around him are gathering a crowd ;
To the city they lead him, with song and with shout.
Around him a bevy of countrymen swarms,
And mothers, while clasping their babes in their arms,
In him their preserver point out.

And now he is speeding away from his friends
Ere the sun to the westward declines ;
On the rock o'er the marsh he has taken his stand
In armour arrayed ;—and the lance in his hand
With the sharpest of thorns he entwines.

And he shouts to the den from his rock-stand above,
And, furious, the dragon appears ;
And foaming and hissing it flies at its prey,
And high in the air, as if thirsting to slay,
Wild rolling its eyes, it uprears.

But boldly advanced Struth to meet it—nor feared
Its rage, and its horrible hiss ;
And as it wide opened its death-giving jaws,
The thorn-entwined spear, ere attacked by its claws,
Plunged deep in the yawning abyss.

It writhes and it struggles, the furious beast ;
But impaled on the spear 'tis in vain ;
The knight now assails it with cuts and with blows,
Till, smoking, the venomous blood overflows
From a thousand deep wounds on the plain.

And while, fast departing its remnant of life,
In circles spasmodic it spun,
The knight waved his trusty sword high in the air,
Praised the Giver of strength who had granted his
prayer,
And cried—"Safety!—the conquest is won!"

Then shouts of rejoicing rang loud from the heights,
And round him the rescued land swarms;
To bless and to thank their deliverer bold—
But the first that steps up to the hero—behold!
He, dying, sinks into his arms!

From his sword had the dragon's hot venomous blood
Flowed down on the limbs of the knight;
And swift as the stubble consumes in the flame
The blood of the hell-worm had spread through his frame,
And poisoned the sources of life.

Then cries of despair rang around the drear fen,
But calmly the hero expires;
And ere his eyes close, and his pulses are stilled,
Cries—"Praise be to Heaven! my wish is fulfilled—
A grave in the land of my sires!"

And the CHAPEL they raise there—"THE DRAGON'S"
'tis called—

Hands the deed down to time's latest sun;
And glorious the meed which that true knight obtains:
Who the crown of his Fatherland's gratitude gains—
'Tis the best of all crowns he has won!

NORVAL'S TOWER.

From the German of TRINIUS.

“Was jagt euch, Wanderer, aus wirthlichem Dach?
 War weich nicht euer Bettlein, und warm das Gemach?”



PART I.

WHAT drives thee, pale Wanderer, forth in the storm?
 Was thy couch not a soft one—thy chamber not warm?
 The twelfth hour has sounded in Norval's high tower,
 And the wind is wild howling, and gushes the shower.

“And dost thou not, Warder, shrink back from its rage?
 Thou hear'st the wild war which the elements wage;
 Ere the beams of the morning shall pierce the dark
 night,
 That tower will crash o'er us, and whelm 'neath its
 weight.”

Yet return, O ! thou Wanderer, in peace to thy home,
 For know 'tis the *Cloud-king* that raging doth roam;
 The Cloud-king, who ne'er hath his vengeance forgot,
 Returneth each year to the same trysting spot.

For thus it befel when he first came of yore,
On the wings of the storm-wind to Thule's wild shore;
And watched, as he howled around Norval's high tower,
Through the window illumined, the castle's fair flower.

The glance of her eye showed the pride of her heart,
And scornful the words from her lip that depart;
Yet still at her feet, ever sighing in vain,
A noble Youth kneeled, of her scorn to complain.

"Oh! ne'er must I hope thy compassion to move?
E'en were I too bold, who could dare to reprove?
Who sees thee, and feels not a spell there must be?
Oh! who has a heart, and withholds it from thee?"

"In vain, I well know, to beseech thee and say
Thou'rt the dream of the night, and the thought of the day.
Yet never, thou high one, so pure is each thought,
With earth's common love I to win thee have sought.

"The pilgrim who seeketh his saint's holy shrine
At a distance adores,—such devotion is mine.
On the threshold afar off he bendeth the knee,
And such is the love my heart offers to thee."

But haughty and high, still the maiden replied,
"What dar'st thou, bold Youth, then, to seek in thy
pride?"

Full many a King from the far Northern land
Unworthy I've deemed of my heart or my hand.

“ Begone then, Presumptuous ! the breathings of death
On my hand would appear a chill mortal love's breath.
If that hand is so fair, be it matched with its worth,
It could never be blest in a child of the earth.

“ The Sylph of the air—or the Elf of the dale—
A mightier prince—in his suit might prevail ;
And powerless his kingdom—e'en his—to retain,
If two mandates I issued were issued in vain.”

And scarce had the word from her haughty lip flown,
When trembled the tower—and with sceptre and crown
Stood the Cloud-king in all his wild terrors arrayed,
In thunder and lightning before the pale maid.

“ Thou high-minded Maiden ! the boon shall be thine—
What thy wishes aspire to, thy fate shall assign.
Why seeketh to win thee the dust's trembling worm ?
I bring for the bridal-gifts thunder and storm !

“ And as thou hast nobly aspired in thy pride,
The Cloud-king shall bear thee away as his bride ;
And if thy two mandates are issued in vain,
His kingdom be powerless its prize to retain !”

He spoke ! and caught up in a whirlwind his prey,
And bore her, all struggling, aloft and away ;
Till high in the dim air her shuddering ear
No longer the wail of her lover could hear.

PART II.

And now to his palace of terrors conveyed,
The Cloud-king caresses and flatters the maid.
I must now, my adored one, bid each spirit friend—
The peers of my realm—at my spousals attend.

Three times he spun round in a whirlwind—and drew
Three hairs from his long beard all damp with the
 dew;
And sprinkling upon them three drops of his blood
He kindled the charm in the lightning's blue flood.

See suddenly floating along the damp air,
Upon a pale steed a pale rider is there.
His mother behind him, a fairy malign,
In a pearl-shell is holding what seems a red wine.

“Hail, *Cloud-king*! I bring to the feast a fresh dish,”
Said the *Water-king*, “speeding along at thy wish.
The miller's fair maid I allured to her doom,
And bring thee the life-blood that brightened her
 bloom.”

See a chariot with wheels gently whirring draw near,
And next with his daughters the *Erl-king* appear.
The elves of the dale ride around it—and scourge
The night-mare that draws—and her lazy pace urge.

"Hail, *Cloud-king* ! I bring to the feast a fresh dish,"
The Erl-king exclaimed, "hastening here at thy wish.
'Tis the heart of a young child, still throbbing and
warm,
Whom I throttled and choked, on his father's fond
arm."

See crackling and hissing with terrible glare
A car by a red dragon drawn through the air ;
And fierce salamander with armour-like scale,
In the yellow flame waving its serpentine tail.

"Hail, *Cloud-king* ! thy table is set, I perceive,"
Said the *Fire-king*, "I hasten lost time to retrieve.
For fresh is the maid—the feast pleasant withal,
Though as food for the Fire-king the banquet is
small."

Loud shrieked poor Romhilda in dread and despair ;
All lonely in horrible loneliness there.
"What ! hast thou—as boldly these spirits believe—
The banquet of Ghouls brought them here to receive ?"

"Nay, wring not thy hands ! 'tis in vain, love ! the
fair,
Who aspires to a union with spirits of air,
The bond of the demons must ever hold good—
They must feed on her flesh—they must drink of her
blood."

“ Never, monster, that bond shall by thee be fulfilled
Till mine is redeemed—till two mandates I’ve willed ;
For if even *one* shall be issued in vain,
Thy kingdom is powerless its prize to retain.”

“ Be it so, love ! our soup will not cool by the way ;
Quick ! make thy demands then, nor fear a delay.”
Thinks once—and thinks twice—the poor shuddering
maid ;
And quickly her choice is considered and weighed.

“ The truest of lovers to see I demand,”
And before her see quickly that noble Youth stand.
His heart full of love, and her heart full of joy,
She clasps to her bosom the true-hearted boy !

“ A true lover indeed thou showest to me,
But show me another still truer than he.”
A horrible howl through the air rends its way—
And spirit and spell melt in vapour away !

The morning sun rises in brightness and power,
Romhilda is resting in Norval’s high tower ;
And there to her true love—that noble young knight—
Her hand and her heart, hear her gratefully plight !

But when that same Autumn eve comes round each
year,
At the window again doth the old foe appear.
There let him howl loudly and fierce as he will—
When morning shall dawn, all again will be still !

SOLOMON AND THE SOWER.

AN ALLEGORY.

From the German of RÜCKERT.

"Im Feld der König Salomon
Schläge unterm Himmel auf den Thron."

THE King of Judah from his throne
Went forth, at early dawn, alone ;
He saw a seedsman pace the plain
On all sides scattering the grain.

"What dost thou there?" the monarch cries,
"This barren soil no growth supplies.
Thy sowing thou need'st ne'er begin—
A harvest thou wilt never win."

The sower for a moment stopped—
His arm he, hesitating, dropped ;
Then active raised—and onward sped—
And thus unto the monarch said :—

"The field is mine, though poor and bare,
And I have toiled and tilled with care ;
Shall I not sow the sterile sod ?
The seed is mine—its growth with God !"

LAY OF THE UNFINISHED HOUSE.

From the German.

“Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.”—Ps. cxxvii.

THE new house, it is true, is erected now,
 But it is not yet finished and roofed, I trow;
 And the rain may pour, and the sunbeams scorch
 Above and around the unguarded porch.
 On the world's great Master then let us call,
 Who ruleth in heaven, and over us all;
 That health and contentment, Heaven's blessings, may
 flow
 On this open unguarded mansion below;
 That his blessing may rest on our corn and wine,
 And the light of his countenance round us shine.
 In the rooms may order and diligence reign,
 And the prayers offered in them be never in vain.
 May health be of virtue the happy reward;
 And the cellar, the spirit of temperance guard.
 That window and portal a blessing may share,
 That nothing unholy may enter there.

And through the new door we will open fling
 Soon may sportive and innocent children spring ;
 And if peace and prosperity bless our abode
 May we never forget the Hand whence they flowed.
 Now, Builder, roof it and cover it in,
 For the house has the blessing of God within.



THE ANGEL OF HOPE.



Wenn in bangen trüben Stunden
 Unser Herz beinah verzagt.



WHEN in anxious troubled hours
 Our sinking heart well nigh despairs ;
 When sickness quells our wonted powers
 And adds keen anguish to our cares ;
 When our loved ones we behold
 With like sorrows compassed too ;
 When dark clouds are round us rolled
 And no ray of light shines through :—
 O ! then our Maker draws more near,
 Sends an Angel to our aid ;
 Who bids fresh buds of life appear,
 Whispers hope to hearts dismayed ;
 And we never pray in vain
 For ourselves or those we love,
 When his cheering aid we gain,
 And his healing influence prove.

DIE BETENDE.

SCHILLER.

“Laura betet! Engelharfen hallen
Frieden Gottes in ihr krankes Harz.”

SEE, Laura prays ! The harps of angels sound,
And soothe with Heaven's own peace her sorrowing
heart,

Like Abel's incense, heavenward float around
The softened sighs their influence impart.

And as she kneels, devotion-rapt from earth,
Lovely as Raphael “Innocence” portrays,
Already seems a beam of heavenly birth
To shed around her its celestial rays.

She feels (by that calm influence sustained)
Her soul to higher realms rejoicing rise.
In spirit sees the palmy heights attained
Where a bright halo waits her in the skies.

Borne on devotion's wings o'er earthly care,
A holy rapture swells her gentle breast ;
To view this lovely saint absorbed in prayer
Gives a bright glimpse of regions of the blest !

THE STOCKING-KNITTER.

From the German of SEIDEL.

“Sie sass am Arbeitstischchen.”

SHE sat beside the table, her knitting in her hand—
 You'll smile that in such homely work poetic thought
 I scanned.
 But on the finished stocking now, so thoughtfully she
 gazed,
 That inly I began to think what thoughts in her it
 raised.
 “Ah! could I in these loops read the musings of my
 mind,
 ('Twas thus she seemed to ruminate), what reading
 should I find!
 A little book of varied scenes and fancies then 'twould
 be—
 For many a web we maidens weave, while knitting
 thoughtfully.
 Oft gaily went the needles, briskly plied with sprightly
 cheer—
 At times a loop would fall—while fell a starting tear.
 Oft snapped I, with the thread, love's visionary reign—
 Oft joined the thread of hope, with the thread of yarn,
 again.

Oh loops! ye were but linked thoughts—and some were
bright and calm,

And some were link'd with grief—some brought to
grief a balm.

Oft fear and doubt unravelling with the knots upon the
skein,

And once my heart was breaking—as my needle broke
in twain!

What timidly was listened to—what ardently was
vowed—

All rises from the knitting—where it slept as in a
shroud.

Then could I read aloud all the thoughts enwoven here,
What a mingled yarn 'twould be—joy and grief and
hope and fear!

So thought I she was thinking, with the knitting in her
hand,—

Then smile not that in homely work, poetic thoughts I
scanned!



A POET'S PERPLEXITIES.

HEINE.

“ Sie haben mich gequalet
Garget blau und blass.”

I oft have been harassed and vexed,
And turned livid and pale at my fate !
For some with their love have perplexed,
And some have annoyed with their hate.

They've embittered the bread which I ate,
And poison have shed in my cup ;
And whether 'twas love or 'twas hate
Made me drink the dark potion up.

But she who has tortured me most,
My direst of enemies proved—
Ah me ! I must own to my cost,
Has ne'er either hated or loved !

W A R.

From the Italian of AGOSTINO.

“ Veder, di sdegni acceso il fiero Marte.”

I saw the fiery Mars, with kindling scorn,
 Draw from the anvil of the Lemnian god
 The cruel steel—and threaten ruin round;
 And death and slaughter spread through every land.

I saw a haughty pile heaped high on earth
 Of deeds atrocious, towering to the skies;
 And Art's and Nature's lovely works defaced,
 And weeds and thorns the once fair fields o'erspread.

I saw the world destroyed—and slaughtered sons
 Afflicted mothers weep; true heroes overcome,
 Slain in their land's defence, by tyrant foes.

I saw—oh sight the stoutest heart to chill!
 The reddening rivers tinged with human blood;
 And can I scorn thee, PEACE, or praise thee, WAR?

THE WAVES OF LIFE.

From the German of GUSTAV SOLLING.

THEY come, the swift waves, as the tide murmuring flows,
 And sighing they break on the desolate shore :
 Then back they recede to the source whence they rose—
 Advancing—retreating—in turn, evermore.

Oft shining and smooth, they appear but to sleep,
 The light air scarce seeming to ripple the tide ;
 As the Spirit of God yet moved o'er the deep—
 So softly in endless procession they glide !

Soon, foaming they rage with a thund'ring sound,
 Their huge wat'ry columns upreared to the skies ;
 And wide ope the jaws of the yawning profound,
 As the storm-winds in wild howling chorus arise.

And 'tis thus with LIFE's waves—we come and we go—
 The dreams of hope vanish in sorrow and care.
 We bloom and we wither, in Earth's ebb and flow,
 And youth's fairest blossoms soon cease to be fair.

Oft, peaceful we glide o'er the ocean of life,
Calm as the dreaming waves o'er the deep sea ;
Oft, the sad heart is tortured by sorrow's wild strife,
Its treasures torn from it, its hopes doomed to flee.

But whate'er be the lot Life is destined to share—
Whether riches or poverty, sorrow or joy ;—
Despair not, oh Man ! nor let doubts of His care
Whose mercy ne'er faileth, thy firm faith destroy.



LOVE AND HOPE.

From the Italian.



TWIN-BORN within our breasts,
Do Love and Hope inspire ;
Together still they live,
Together they expire.

Too much upon your charms
Oh Nicè you rely ;
For if you kill my Hope
My Love will with it die !

THE SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD.

GUSTAV SOLLING.

Written at Spa in Germany, on the occasion of a children's festival, given in honour of the young Prince Galitzin.

“ Spiele O Knabe, die Spiele der Kindheit,
Noch ist dein Himmel wolkenlos, rein.”

SPORT, O ! ye children, the gay sports of childhood,
While yet your blue heaven is cloudless and clear ;
Dream, youths and maidens, youth's beautiful dreaming,
While yet in their buds the bright roses appear.

Ah ! *but* in the beautiful May of our being,
At their brightest the bright golden stars are beheld ;
Soon, soon, the dark clouds gather round them concealing ;
Dream-world of youth, thou art quickly dispelled !

All things below that are budding and blooming,
Children ! but *once* shine in sunbeams and light ;
Then o'er the bright skies and the bloom of our being,
Gather the clouds—and gathers the night.

All things are fading—*good* only remaining—
And they who pursue it,—at Heaven's high throne,
Shall after their service received into glory,
Reap their reward where joy *lasteth* alone !

THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

(Das Vehmgericht.)

German of SEIDEL.

IN the spectral hours of night,
 Our only lamp the moon's pale light,
 O'er our wine in council met
 A court we held ;—our votes well weighed
 In the beaker's lap we laid,
 And a strict enquiry set.

Till at length a voice we hear—
 “ Let Defendant now appear—
 That his statement may be heard ;
 Many here of him complain,
 Some there be who say, again,
 No penalty has he incurred.”

And see ! he slowly enters there—
 Grey with age his beard and hair ;
 In snowy garb, and pale as death,
 Less a body than a corse
 With shrivelled lips and accent hoarse
 Scarce he breathes a living breath.

Faded garlands—dusty sheaves—
Lifeless colours—withered leaves—
 Strange wild ornament bestow.
Strangely mingled in his face,
Joy and grief and pain we trace—
 Revel light, and heavy woe.

“ Let Defendant name his name—
That the world may know the same.”

“ I’m the OLD YEAR—soon to flee.”

“ Many mouths thy sentence seek,
Thy defence thou now may’st speak.”

“ ’Tis—what I was I needs must be.”

“ Hast thou not in every zone
Taught ten thousand lips to groan,
 Darts through many a breast hast driven ?
Blighted many a bloom of life,
Fostered many an idle strife,
 Many a rose destroyed or riven ?

“ Every cheek whose bloom is fled,
Every hill whose vine is dead,
 Every hut without a roof,
Every flower about to fall,
Every wreck, cry, one and all,
 Culprit, art thou conscience-proof ? ”

“ Yes, I am ! though they accuse
Deeds I seek not to excuse ;
 Led I not to brighter land ?
Hear ye not a happy voice
Count the souls that there rejoice
 In full many a blissful band ?

“ Saw ye here no happy pair
Vows before the altar swear,
Swam no eye in joyful tears ?
Did yourselves—so stern and sour—
Never know a happy hour
That in my defence appears ?

“ Your reproof will little harm,
Or your penalties alarm,
In the grave that waits for me ;
Though ye rage, implore or groan,
What is done is past and gone,
And entombed shall with me be.

“ But for *your* sakes will I raise
The veil before your eyes,—and praise
You will give me in my grave.
Think as I the reins have held,
And your onward course impelled,
Whether more I *took* or *gave*.

“ Think of every sunny hour—
Nay, of sorrows that had power
To bring a blessing in their train ;
Think of hearts that love has warmed,
Or the voice of friendship charmed—
Think of pleasure as of pain.

“ Think of every joyful thought
To the test of daylight brought ;
Softly sighed to pensive night.
Think of all the works fulfilled—
All the strifes that I have stilled—
All the wrong I’ve turned to right.

“ Yes, I see—I feel it—tears
In your eyes, dispel my fears,
And a blessing you bestow.
Poet ! now collect the votes—
Let the beakers yield their notes—
Give your verdict—then I go ! ”

Thus he spoke,—and we obeyed,
While in broken tones he prayed,
And his eyes to heaven upraised.
Feebly he a blessing spoke—
Blessings from the voters broke—
And 'mid blessings he expired !



SCHILLER'S CENTENARY, NOV. 1859.

ORIGINAL SONNET.

Suggested by the desire his daughter, the Baroness Emily de Gleichen, was said to have expressed, to have copies transmitted to her of all the poetical and musical tributes composed on that occasion to the honour of her father.

Not vainly doth the Poet seek to be
 In Memory's far futurity enshrined.
 Heir to a double immortality—
 That which he goes to—*that* he leaves behind !
 Schiller ! thy stormy morn, and chequered day,
 Wove a rich radiance for thy setting sun ;
 Though not thine own, but Heaven's appointed way.
 Thy lofty race of usefulness was run.

Not all are preachers who the pulpit fill—

They also preach, whom Poesy inspires.*

Alike Heaven's high vocation they fulfil—

Alike they lift from Earth our low desires.

Well may a Daughter prize *thy* far-spread name,

And that best heirloom, of a Father's fame !

* Schiller—though his earliest productions, as “The Robbers,” &c., were wild and eccentric—had through life a strong religious feeling, and in his youth was earnestly desirous to enter the Lutheran Church ; but his father, in order to please his patron, the Grand Duke of Wurtemberg, almost obliged him to enrol himself in a military academy, founded by that potentate, from which he took the earliest opportunity to escape to more congenial pursuits.



FOR SCHILLER'S ALBUM.*

From the German of FREILIGRATH.

"Nun kommen sie aus aller Welt
 Die leichten Dichterboten;
 Von wannen flattert nicht ein Blatt
 In's Buch des grossen Todten?"

Now be poetic tributes sped
 From all the world around;
 Whence—for the Book of the great Dead—
 May not a leaf be found?

For he who wanders now through Spain,
 'Mid the wild Sierra's gloom,
 Will send, in mourning veiled, a strain
 From its hapless Prince's tomb.

* All the principal works of Schiller are enumerated in this poem, namely, his tragedies of Don Carlos, The Maid of Orleans, The Bride of Messina, The Robbers, Mary Stuart, William Tell; and also the History of the Thirty Years' War.

And he through France who strays will be
At Domrémy delayed,
To twine a garland from the tree
Of Orleans' warrior maid.

Or if through Italy he strays,
Messina's bridal vows
Shall furnish freshly gathered sprays
From sad Verrina's house.

Bohemia sends a greeting brief
From Friedland's outlaws keen ;
And England adds a bloody leaf—
The blood of Scotland's Queen !

And in Helvetia's mountain land
I've climbed the steep, and said
To Grütli's death-despising band,*
How much I prized the Dead.

No more where from its mountain source
The Rhine doth gushing rise,
I dwell where faltering in its course
In sandy plains it dies.

'Tis here where rescued from the sea
The separated land,
Th' insurgents raised their banner free
Along this foggy strand.

* The friends and followers of William Tell.

And gathering round their gallant Prince,*
Like darts in quiver bound,
United provinces have since,
A glorious freedom found.

A spirit speaks from every stone
Where bled brave hearts of yore ;
To-night while stormy winds have blown,
I stood by Alba's door.

Unchallenged passed by gates that barred
The Spaniard from their pale ;
And by the tower where freemen warred
Beneath the foeman's hail.

How here a people bled of old,
A noble leader healed,
Has *He* in history's page enrolled,
With Honour's signet sealed.

From these defiant walls around
Goes forth his mighty voice ;
They hear ! they thank him at the sound—
The very dead rejoice.

* William, Prince of Orange, ancestor of William III. of England, under whose auspices the Low Countries threw off the tyrannical domination of Spain ; combining under the name of "The Seven United Provinces," united, though independent of each other ; and as closely connected by the great tie of liberty as the *bundle of arrows*—the arms and emblem of their republic.

And every arch and portal stone
A tale historic tell ;
And joy, not *Liberty's* alone,
But SCHILLER's fame to swell.

Then be poetic tributes read
From all the world around,
Whence—for the Book of the great Dead—
May not a leaf be found ?



OTTOMAN POETRY.



Some of the rules in Ottoman poetry are very fantastical. One of them is, that in some poems, whatsoever word begins a verse, the same word or a part thereof *reversed* must terminate the same verse or stanza. The following is a specimen of this description of rhyming :—

ADVICE.

Traverse not the globe for lore ! The sternest
 But the surest teacher is the heart ;
 Studying that, and that alone, thou learnest,
 Best and soonest, whence and what thou *art*.

Time, not travel, 'tis, which gives us ready
 Speech, experience, prudence, tact, and wit.
 Far more light the lamp that bideth steady
 Than the wandering lantern, doth *emit*.

Moor, Chinese, Egyptian, Russian, Roman,
 Tread one common downhill path of doom ;
 Everywhere the names are *Man* and *Woman*,
 Everywhere the old sad sins find *room*.

Evil angels tempt us in all places ;
 What but sands or snows hath Earth to give ?
 Dream not, friend, of deserts or oases—
 But look inward, and begin to *live*.

OTTOMANIC ADVICE.

Adapted to English latitude.

(ORIGINAL.)

Spin not vain webs for advancement in life ;
 Tread not in paths where honesty trips ;
 Too much haste to be wealthy with danger is rife,
 All premature blossoms the blighting wind *nips*.

Meet life's temptations as soldiers their foes ;
 Scorn to be conquered,—of flight never dream ;
 Seeking strength from above, with the enemy close ;
 And a host shall be quelled, though in legions they
teem.

Spot or blemish on honour is ne'er wiped away ;
 Tares can but rarely be rooted from crops :
 In life's quiet vale be contented to stay,
 Till Merit shall lead to the high mountain-*tops*.

Dew to the heart is a conscience at peace—

Woe to the soul whence that blessing has fled !

Vainly it vieweth its riches increase—

In life and in death 'tis to infamy *wed*.

No idle tamperings hold with the truth—

No latitude give, till your foes are all gone.

To the straight path of duty hold fast in your youth,

And to honour—ay wealth—it in time will lead *on* !



SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

A mournful Prediction.

“ Chi vuol veder quantunque puo Natura
E'l Ciel, tra noi, venga a mirar costei.”

To know what Heaven and Nature can for Earth,
Come and behold for *her* what they have done ;
Who not alone to *my* eyes is the sun
But the blind world's, insensible to worth.
And *quickly* come ! for Death doth steal away
The best, the first ;—the guilty he doth leave ;
And she whom Heaven is waiting to receive,
Fair mortal thing !—will pass—nor long will stay.
Thou shalt behold, arriving if in time,
Each virtue with each regal charm unite—
In one fair form combined with matchless skill.
Then wilt thou say, how mute my powerless rhyme,
My genius how o'erpowered by too much light.
But shun delay—or thou shalt mourn it still !

FROM THE SAME.

The Prediction fulfilled.

“Or hai fatto l'estremo di tua possa
O crudel Morte!”



Now thou hast done thine utmost, cruel Death!
 The reign of Love impoverished—and the flower
 Of Beauty plucked—and all its light and power
 Extinguished in the narrow house beneath.
 And now is life despoiled—its charm is gone!
 Its ornament and crowning glory fly!
 But the true worth and fame that cannot die
 Thou canst not harm—dry bones are thine alone.
 Heaven hath the rest—where, as some brighter sun,
 She beams rejoicing—and on earth doth shine
 Where memory of the good outlasts the tomb.
 May pity vanquish, 'mid such victories won,
 New Angel! *thy* heart, in that higher sphere,
 As mine was by thy beauty vanquished here!

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

PSALM CXXXIX.

ALL-SEEING GOD ! Thy searching ray
 Surrounds my steps where'er I stray.
 Around my path—around my bed—
 Its ne'er-illuded light is shed.
 My lips have never framed a word
 But ere 'twas uttered Thou hast heard ;
 No thought my throbbing heart hath warmed,
 But Thou foresaw'st it ere 'twas formed.
 O ! knowledge with deep wonder fraught,
 Too high, too vast, for human thought ;
 Beyond my finite sense to seize
 The secret of Thy mysteries.

Tell me, dread Spirit ! where shall I
 From Thy pervading presence fly ?
 To heaven's bright gates if I ascend
 On Thee my dazzled gaze I bend ;
 To hell's dark courts if I repair
 Thou dwell'st in all thy terrors there ;
 If morning's breezy wings I take,
 Ere yet the slumbering sunbeams wake,

And to earth's utmost limits flee,
Or dive below the circling sea—
Even there, beneath Thy ruling hand,
All trembling shall Thy creature stand.
On clouds and darkness if I call,
To hide me in their sable pall,
One glance of Thy all-searching sight
Shall turn to day my darkest night.
Wrapt in Thine own eternal ray,
For THEE exists nor night nor day !



POETA NASCITUR.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ROBERT BURNS.



The following original Ode, was recited with loud applause at the Anniversary Dinner of the Burns Club, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the birthday of the Scottish Bard, the 25th of January :—

I.

NATURE would frame a poet all her own !
 Her tyrant sister, Art,
 In him should claim no part—
 The glory should be hers, and hers *alone* !
 She cast her eyes around
 On all the hallowed ground
 Which genius loves to haunt—
 Genius whose favours fall
 Alike on cottage or on hall,—
 And he who hears the glorious call
 Nor fortune can beguile, nor poverty can daunt !
 Where shall the land be, where the clime,
 Where she shall make her search sublime ?
 Not beneath southern skies—
 Not where the Alps arise,—
 Though *these* her grandest scenes can show—
 Though *there* her brightest aspects glow :
 She turns from them
 To her sea-bright gem—
 Nature and freedom love to smile
 Alike upon their British Isle !

II.

And here in humble guise she sought
A child of toil and care:
A spell around his cradle wrought,
And brightened all the air.
From the bleak North
She called him forth—
It softened at her smile;
In native plaid
His limbs arrayed,
And strung his nerves to toil;
But toil that left him leisure still
With Nature's lore his heart to fill.
His very *name* had charms for *her*—
The "*wimpling burns*," his native streams,
With their wild music fancy stir,
And weave melodious dreams!
She led him by the hand
O'er all th' enchanted land,
And bade his infant lyre
To sound her praise aspire;
Dear were to her his "*woodnotes wild*"—
And dear the mother to the child!

III.

She steeped his soul in tenderness—the flower,
The wayside flower his delving share upturned;*
The thistle's self, in which he scanned

* "*Wee modest crimson tipped flower*," &c.

The emblem of his native land,
 By others trampled on or spurned,
 A train of patriot thoughts awoke—a tender pity
 earned.*

The tiny tenant of the field,†
 With palpitating heart,
 Did he from injury shield,
 And bid in peace depart;
 All Nature's children had a charm
 His kindred soul to melt;
 All that had life his heart could warm—
 For all that *feel* he felt.

IV.

Nor only did the *sadder* Muse
 Bestow her touching strain;
 Full oft the *comic* he would choose
 To woo—nor woo in vain.
 And humour grave and mirthful wit,
 Along the sportive chords would flit—
 Wit that like Falstaff's could inspire
 A kindred vein—contagious fire—
 And wit in others wake;‡
 Teach Sculpture, hitherto confined
 To grand embodiments of mind,
 A humbler phase to take:

* Burns says in one of his letters, that he never could see a thistle in bloom but he turned aside his plough, and spared his country's emblem. What exquisite delicacy of feeling in an untaught son of the soil!

field-mouse.

† He says, he was not only witty himself, but inspired wit—
 ‡ See Henry IV. Shakespeare.

In Tam o'Shanter—Souter John—
Plebeian garb for once put on,
 Descending, for his sake :
Yet find, amazed, that humble life
With equal fame for her was rife.
She gave the shapes the bard had shown
An immortality in stone,
And shared for aye the undying praise
Which hovers o'er that poet's lays.

v.

Ah! that he lived not—as he might—
To see such genuine meed requite;*
Beyond all fame to him, I ween,
Had such congenial tribute been.
Yes! mourn, with me, the cruel fate
That ever on the bard doth wait,
Whose fatal motto is, Too LATE!
Too LATE! Too LATE!—those words of woe
From each true poet's pen may flow;
For never does he see below
 The fame he shall attain;
And doubt and fear distract his breast,
By cold oblivion's dread oppress,
Till, sinking to his final rest,
 It comes, for *him* in vain!

* Had Burns lived to the common age of man, he would long have survived the production of the celebrated figures of "Tam O'Shanter and Souter John," and rejoiced, doubtless, in so admirable an embodiment of his ideas.

VI.

Too sad the theme ! Ah, turn away,
And wake for him a loftier lay ;
For Nature still has balm to heal
The pangs her gifted children feel,
 And soothe fate's keenest sting.
She fired his soul with patriot flame
A glory o'er his country's name,
 In ages past, to fling.
For they who for their country bleed
Have ne'er received their crowning meed
 Till their country's poets sing.
See ! rising from their gory bed,
The Scots who once with Wallace bled,
The Scots whom Bruce so often led,
 Salute their gifted son ;
Lo ! in his strain
They live again,
A second race of glory run :
And bright the halo round them shed ;
 For every line
 A wreath doth twine,
A deathless wreath of fame, for each devoted
 head.

VII.

Yet pause to bless the God of peace
Who bad those cruel contests cease
 That tore the sister lands ;—
And blending even in war their hands,
 Rends not from one pale bleeding brow
 The garland for the other, now—

The garland which they jointly claim,
In union of immortal fame,
 Knit fast in concord's bands.
The Scots that once for Wallace bled
For England now their blood would shed,
 England would bleed for *them* !
In BRITAIN's blending name they close
Those dire divisions, countless woes ;
The Northern Thistle—Southern Rose—
 Now blooming on one stem.
Still may their serried ranks oppose
One dauntless front to their country's foes,
 Her thunders hurling from afar ;
Still may they labour, hand in hand,
At home t'exalt each happy land,
And join, as now, in feasts of peace, not less than
 feats of war !

VIII.

Hush the loud clarion's note !
List the low tones that float
 To sorrow's ear !
Breathe soft in solemn dirge
Sounds that from heaven's high verge
 Angels may stoop to hear !
So free from earthly taint
The undying love they paint,
 So pure the poet's tear !
But let the woe be brief,
 Sublimed from earthly leaven,
Ah ! why for thee feel grief—
 “ Mary—in Heaven ! ”

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Ah! from the Arctic to the zone,*
That song to Northern hearts is known ;
A spell that shall for ever last,
To bind the present to the past
 In friendship's cordial growth ;
Nor less the Southern Briton feels
The sighs it draws—the tear it steals—
 The smile that chases both !
That links, from youth's to age's span
The heart of brother man to man—
Had he but breathed that strain alone,
The bard had made all hearts his own !

XI.

Then Nature on her minstrel smiled,
And owned him for her favourite child.
She clasped her chosen to her heart—
My son—my son—we ne'er will part !
Or grave or gay, thy heart my throne,
Still beats responsive to my own.
Whoe'er the race of glory run,
Still Burns shall be *my* favourite son ;

* The Rev. J. Jeffrey, in his speech at the Anniversary Dinner, Newcastle, relates, that "being present, a few years ago, at a banquet given to some high dignitaries of the State, in the capital of an ancient Northern Kingdom, when the name of Burns happened at random to be mentioned, it was received by those distinguished foreigners with a burst of heartfelt appreciation and applause. They all knew his name, and they all had read and admired his writings,—so true are the often-quoted words, 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' And of none do these words hold good more thoroughly than of the peasant poet, Burns."

GIBSONIANA.

Letter addressed to the Editor of the *D— and S— Times*.—
February 17th, 1866.

SIR,—My name having been recently mentioned in your columns, in combination with several far more distinguished ones, as a friend and correspondent of the late eminent sculptor, John Gibson, R.A., I am induced to indulge in a few reminiscences of that honoured friend and illustrious artist, which may not be unacceptable at the present moment to the many who have seen and admired his works, lament his loss, and set a value on his fame.

The last time I had the pleasure of hearing from him was in the month of April in the past year, at which time he was apparently in excellent health and spirits, and as devoted as ever to his art; being then engaged, he said, on a subject from Scripture—a group of “Christ blessing the children.”

And this leads me to remark that on one occasion when I was conversing with him he observed, "People often tell me they wonder that I do not employ myself more on Scriptural and Christian subjects; but they do not reflect how I am situated. My chief employers and most liberal patrons are English Protestants, who readily admit heathen gods and goddesses, which are not objects of worship, into their galleries, but would have scruples of conscience in setting up images of our Saviour." And I felt that there was justice in the remark; though it appears to me that a Scriptural line of art might be advantageously adopted, in which many striking incidents in Bible history might be illustrated, without trenching too far on holy ground. And what grander subjects for the chisel than the Patriarchs and Prophets of the Old Testament, and Apostles of the New? Something perhaps of this idea occurred to another highly estimated literary friend, who, on hearing of his death, which, in common with all lovers of art, he lamented, thus wrote:—"He has left behind him, as the labour of a long life, marvellous works—a brilliant reputation—and a disputable dogma;—*What has he taken with him?*"

As the same question has no doubt occurred to many reflective and serious minds, I will here give the reply I ventured to make:—"In answer to your rather doubtful query, one cannot say perhaps that 'his works do follow him,' but I hope there was nothing in them to *impede* his passage to a higher world, though he must leave these fair incumbrances behind. 'To the pure all things are pure,' and *Heathen gods and*

goddesses—‘The fair Humanities of old religion’—seemed divested to *him* of their grosser attributes, and to realise not only ‘all that was lovely,’ but all ‘that was of good report,’ allegorised as they were in his refined imagination. To *him*, Cupid and Psyche (a favourite creation) were not a mere enamoured youth and maiden, but *Celestial Love* and the *Immortal Soul*. Venus was a matron ‘fair and chaste’—a household goddess, with her foot upon a tortoise, to indicate that she never strayed far from home; and so on, of the others. And these are not my own ideas or constructions, but intimated to me by himself, when describing and commenting on them. Having ventured, in discussing his tinted statues, which he was desirous I should see, to remark by letter that though I could not, of course, form an opinion of the effect till I had done so, I must confess it appeared to me *à priori* that the attempt to enhance the attractions of an art, in itself so exquisite, by extraneous embellishment, adopted from another, was like that ‘painting of the lily’ and ‘throwing perfume on the violet’ which the Poet had pronounced

‘A wasteful and ridiculous excess.’

Not in the least displeased at the freedom of my opinion, he nevertheless entered into a long vindication in reply, both of his theory and practice, for which he brought many precedents both from ancient and modern art—concluding by saying, in the most friendly manner, that if I was in London the following year (1862), he would have the pleasure of calling upon me and escorting me to the International Exhibition, where he hoped

his Venus and other works would make a convert of me. And accordingly, when the time came, he did me the honour to accompany me thither; and in the most interesting manner, and with a flow of sustained but simple eloquence—too absorbed in his theme to cast a thought on the surrounding crowd—discussed *sotto voce* not only his own *chefs-d'œuvres*, but those of many rival artists, of whom he seemed to entertain no shadow of jealousy, relating various anecdotes of them and of their works.

Though the utmost simplicity and absence of ostentation characterised the manners and conversation of my honoured friend, praise was to him the very breath of life—the praise at least of the tasteful and discerning—and an honourable ambition his perpetual incentive. He was not one who covertly sought admiration, and when received affected to despise it. He cordially accepted and thoroughly enjoyed it; ever retaining a good will and gratitude to those who with discrimination bestowed it.

On the occasion above alluded to, among other topics of discourse, he asked me if I had read Sir E. B. Lytton's romance of "Zanoni," and on my answering in the affirmative, spoke with pride and pleasure of the honour done him by the distinguished author, in his dedication of that work to him.

On his coming again to England the following year, by command of the Prince of Wales, in order to model a bust of the Princess—he was highly gratified by the Queen's invitation to Osborne, and wrote me a most interesting account of his visit there; adding that their

Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and Princess Louise had themselves done him the honour to conduct him over the beautiful gardens attached to the Royal mansion; on which occasion each kind Princess with her own fair hand plucked a rose from the stalk, and placed it in his button-hole. "And I shall treasure them," he added, "next my heart, to the last hour of my existence."

But a yet higher honour was reserved for that warm and guileless heart; and will for ever be connected with his closing scene. It is thus related in the *Illustrated London News*:—"John Gibson, the pride of British sculpture, died full of years and honours. The Queen, of whom he loved to speak, conferred on him the greatest marks of her favour and respect; and on Friday last (a few hours before his death) a telegram arrived, sent by Her Majesty's order, to enquire after the health of her gifted subject. It was placed in the dying artist's hands; a gleam of satisfaction lighted up his features, and holding it so firmly as to resist every attempt to withdraw it—he 'fell asleep.'* Happy the nation whose Sovereign appreciates, and sympathises with, the genius of her most gifted subjects!"

* "Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu!"

TIBULLUS.

FRIENDSHIP'S APPEAL.

This and the following Sonnet were addressed to J. Gibson, Esq., "England's (then) greatest living Sculptor," on what proved to be his last visit to this country.—September, 1863.

THOU on the banks of Tiber—I of Tees—
 Far, far apart—by destiny are placed;
 Mine the calm boons of peace and rural ease,
 Thou with all gifts of fame and talent graced.
 Yet though to boast of Royal friends be thine—
 (Thee on that list are Princes proud to place),
 And palaces where pomp and splendour shine
 Ask from thy gifted hand their crowning grace,
 Not less thy kind remembrances are mine
 Who boast no wealth of fame "no pride of place."
 "The City of the soul" for thee may shine,
 Yet ah! forget not ours of kindred race;
 But let a binding link round both be thrown—
 The land of thine adoption—and thine own!



THE SCULPTOR'S DREAM.

THE mothers of great men 'tis said are great—
Their germs of genius in their sons unfold ;
And oft, we find, a prescience of their fate
The parent's heart instinctively will hold.
I well recall a dream thou didst relate,
Among thy filial memories enrolled.

Prophetic dream !—that stooping from the skies
An eagle snatched thee—not his prey, but prize—
And bore aloft !—descending far away,
Where a bright city woo'd the solar ray.

What could the vision mean ?—a mother's love—
A mother's pride—interpreted the dream ;
Caught the bright *omen* of the bird of Jove,
And inspiration from that sunny beam.
What but th' ETERNAL CITY could it be ?
The eagle FAME—the Dream fulfilled in thee !



SONNET.

On hearing of the death of the great Anglo-Roman Sculptor.

A voice is heard on Tiber's classic shore,
 That finds an echo from far-distant Tees !
 The great, the gifted Sculptor is no more—
 To higher realms the parting spirit flees.

Dear was his native land, though distant far
 The land he dwelt in—his adopted home;
 But Art was from his birth his guiding star,
 And pointed to her grand emporium—Rome !

Back to his native shores restore him now,*
 And welcome, ev'n in death, the boon will be !
 Yes ! once more—and for ever—welcome, thou—
 And the fair works of Art bequeathed by thee.

May these immortal gifts find fitting shrine—
 May Heaven's bright scenes and glorious forms be
 thine !

* It was at first proposed to send his remains home to England for interment.

SONNET.

On hearing that the remains of the British Sculptor were interred
in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome.

'Tis over then ! and he is *our's* no more ;
And friendship's fervent wish was breathed in vain.
Well, be it so ! and let that classic shore—
The land he loved in life—in death retain.

Two lands he loved ; each mourns as one bereft ;
Divided feelings claimed his generous heart ;
And if to Italy his dust he left,
To England he bequeathed his better part.

Ausonia ! Albion ! unenvying share
The legacy bestowed on either land ;
In mutual pilgrimage full oft repair
To his lov'd relics, gracing each fair strand.

For if enshrined and sepulchred at Rome,
His *spirit*—in his *works*—survives at home !

THE QUEEN'S TELEGRAM.

From the *Times*' Correspondent.

"Rome, January 27th, 1866.

"It is a fact equally honourable to the Queen and her distinguished subject, that a telegram despatched by Her Majesty's orders arrived here yesterday morning, inquiring after the health of the great artist. He was then still sensible, and his friends thinking it would give him satisfaction, placed it in his hands. On attempting to withdraw it he held it so fast that they were compelled to leave it, and with this mark of royal favour and kindness in his hand, he died."

Rest, loyal heart ! rest, gifted hand !

Enough for earth is done.

Ah ! could a happy death be *planned*

'Tis such as thou hast won.

Thy Queen's kind message in thy hand—

Her image in thy heart—

The precious lines received and scanned,

'Twas well thou shouldst depart !

Ah ! never did the lightning-wire
So dear a message bring ;
Nor eloquence the tones inspire
That mute reply could fling.

Methinks the Queen upon her throne
A thrill of joy would feel ;
Nor those mild eyes would *smile* alone—
A tear perchance would steal !

But wherefore mourn ?—when earth below
Hath all its treasures given—
When nought is left it to bestow—
Then is the time for Heaven !

There, amid forms divinely fair,
Be all thy dreams fulfilled !
While *we* preserve with sacred care
The works which thou hast willed.

Willed to the land which held thy heart,
Where'er thy steps might stray ;
Enduring pleasure to impart,
And shed from heaven a ray.

Young Genius shall its lessons take
From thoughts those works inspire ;
And o'er the Poet's fancy break
Fresh beams of kindred fire.

And thou !—when Memory's thronging train
Brings back each vanished scene,
Dearest and best shall *that* remain
Which links thee with thy Queen !

We will not mourn !—when earth below
Hath all its treasures given—
When nought is left it to bestow,
Then is the time for heaven.

February 9th, 1866.



H O P E.

The following anecdote of a pleasing tribute, in his life-time, to the sculptor, may not be uninteresting in connection with this subject:—A young English lady having purchased, when at Rome, a *cameo* representing Hope as a winged spirit, with a star over her head, was afterwards informed by Gibson that it was from a design of his, for the monument of a grandson of Mr. Roscoe of Liverpool.

The next morning she left the following lines at the door of his studio:—

FAIR angel shape! that here below,
A white-winged messenger of love,
Bring'st to the heart that droops with woe,
An earnest of its home above!

Blest be the Art that thus can give
Its holiest longings to the soul;
And tell it that its hopes shall live
Beyond the sphere where planets roll.

May he who gave the magic birth
Ne'er want the faith his Art hath given;
And find his heavenly dreams on earth
Sublime realities in heaven!

THE END.



Shortly will be Published

A NEW EDITION OF

FAR AND NEAR;

OR,

TRANSLATIONS AND ORIGINALS.

BY

ETA MAWR.

NOTICES OF THE ABOVE.

From GUSTAV SOLLING, a German correspondent.

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"We can safely recommend this beautiful work to our readers. To the lover of sweet and delicious poetry it will

be an enjoyment, and to the student of German and Italian literature it will be highly gratifying as giving perfect and literal translations of the ideas and expressions of the original authors, together with the construction and idiom of our own tongue,—a combination so difficult to attain that we cannot but congratulate the accomplished author upon the effect here produced. The harmonious flow of versification too is another success in this work that we rarely meet with in translations from a language so rich as the German, or so euphonious as the Italian.

"The pieces of a humorous cast in the second part exhibit a susceptibility to wit and humour, that might be made to exert influences on our own times, to which serious or philosophical tirade cannot pretend.

"The original poems* inserted in this collection are from no ordinary pen, and prove that the author has imagination, power and language equal to far greater efforts than are here submitted to public perusal and criticism. As a proof of our approval of the contents of this beautiful volume, we need only mention that not a few of the shorter pieces were originally inserted in our Journal with the signature of Eta."

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"Many—indeed most—of these beautiful poems have never been translated before; and were we to begin to point out *which* seem most deserving of that distinction, our task would be an endless one. But all are most gracefully rendered, and amongst the pieces we have heard the most warmly commended were 'The Rambles of Death,' 'The Banquet of Heidelberg,' 'The Waywode's Daughter,' 'Elijah in the Cave,' 'Sermons in Trees,' 'Kaiser Randolph's Ride to the Grave,' and that most exquisite classical allegory 'Elysium, or the Flight of the Soul,' which furnishes an elegant and suggestive Frontispiece to the little volume. These are all from the German. The Italian and French translations are comparatively few in number; but they are nearly all from living authors, and the subjects most judiciously selected. . . .

"One remark we cannot help making on the subject of the original poems at the end of the volume, calculated to fix the attention of our readers. When we reflect on the small number of Odes in our language that are of any

*"Ode to the Elements," "Ode to the Ancient Britons," &c.

great or general celebrity,—only three, in fact, can be so designated, viz. that of Collins on the ‘Passions,’ Gray’s ‘Bard,’ and Dryden’s ‘Alexander’s Feast,’—we cannot but consider the present ones as an important addition to the modern lyric poetry of our ‘Fatherland’; and their subjects, we may add, appear to us to have been chosen with singular felicity.

“That of the ‘ELEMENTS,’ setting forth in successive order and portraying in vivid pictures ‘their resistless might when unreclaimed by the hand of man, and the benefits he derives from them when converted to his service,’ is, without a pun, of *universal* interest. To that of ‘CARE’ (‘the universal apparition,’ as an elder poet calls it), all hearts must for ever respond, in the present state of things, with a sigh;—as they must bound, if worthy of the name of BRITONS, at the Ode to their forefathers, among whom, as here depicted, the glowing portraits of Bonduca, Caractacus, and other illustrious names embalmed in our national history, form a veritable picture-gallery of ancient worthies.

“On the whole, the variety, novelty, and interest of this charming volume render it worthy of becoming a popular work, in the widest sense of the term, and we take our leave of it, heartily wishing it the success which it deserves.”

Letter from a Lady.

“I think I told you some time since that I lent my copy of ‘Far and Near’ to Mrs. B—, with the hope of procuring her co-operation in making it known. When I last saw her she told me she so greatly admired the work that she had purchased a copy: which she had lent to a German gentleman of her acquaintance. He had returned it with the highest encomiums, saying the translations from his native language were by far the most elegant and spirited he had ever seen; that each poem was endued with the very spirit of the original, and bore no marks of being clothed in a foreign garb; and that he should watch, with great interest, for another production from the same author.”

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